

THE AMERICAN

★ LEGION

MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1950

15¢

THE REDS REACH FOR YOUR WALLET

By J. Anthony Marcus

Could YOU Go to Congress?

By Joe McCaffrey





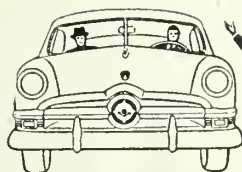
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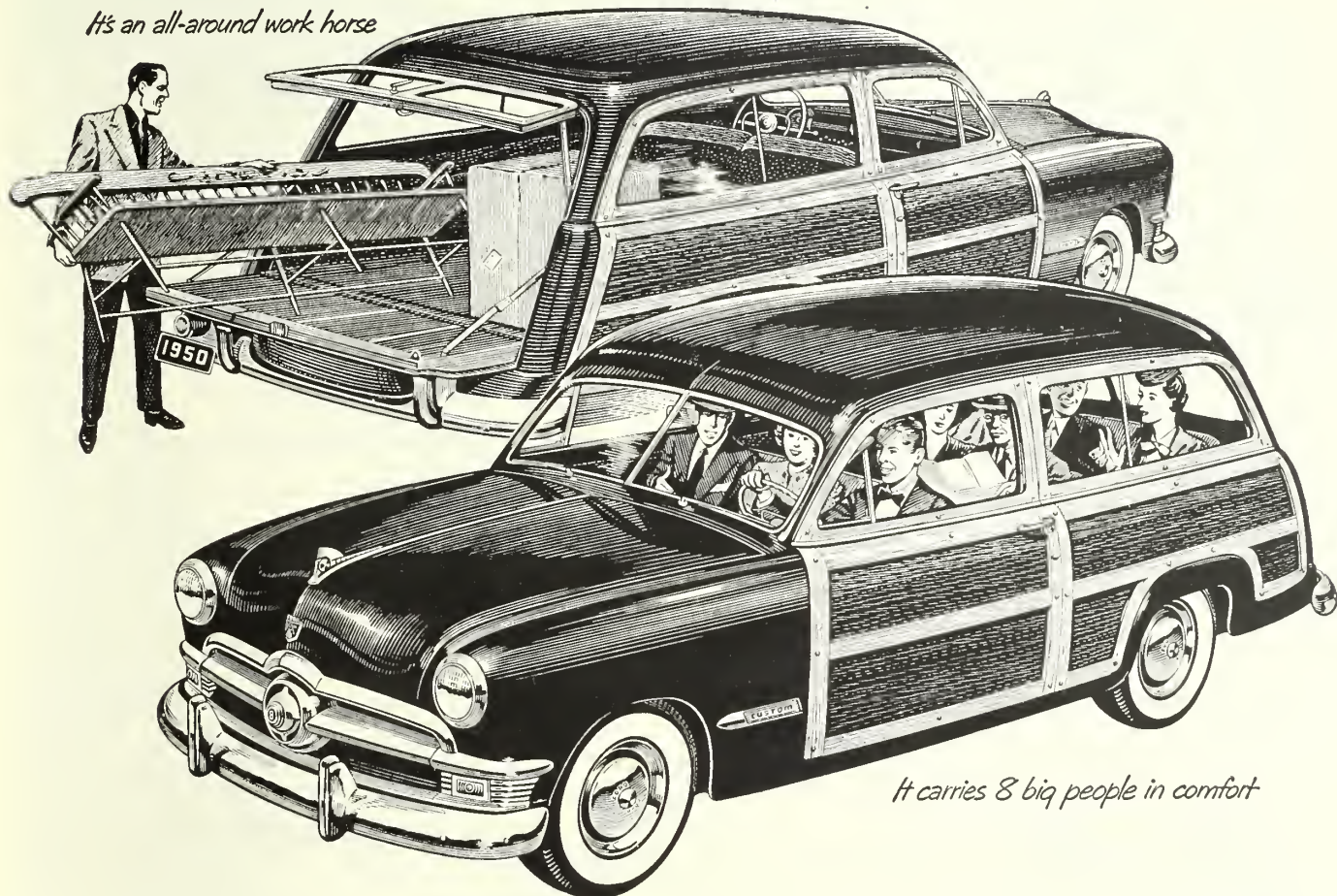
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For here is the car for everybody!

Dad will use it for everything from business to fishing expeditions.

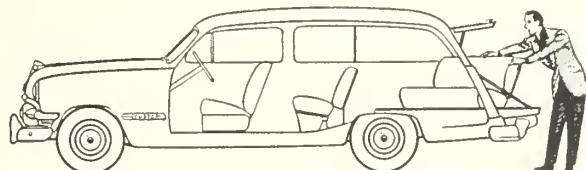
Mom will use it for the beach, for shopping, for the family taxi!

The kids will use it for fun!

Loaded with features found in no other station wagon in its field, the "Country Squire" still sports an economy price tag.

Your Ford Dealer will show you how easy it is to own the new "Country Squire." Why not see him today?

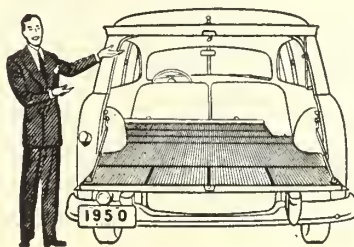
The new FORD "Country Squire" STATION WAGON



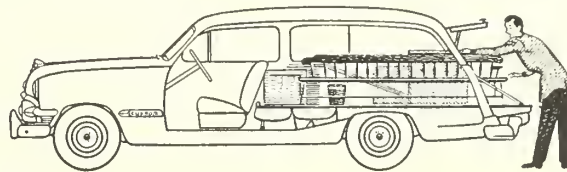
Easy removal of rear seat, without tools, starts conversion to more flat carrying area than any other station wagon in its class.



New "Stowaway" center seat completes the "Flat Deck" loading platform. You can slide things in "slick as a ballroom floor."

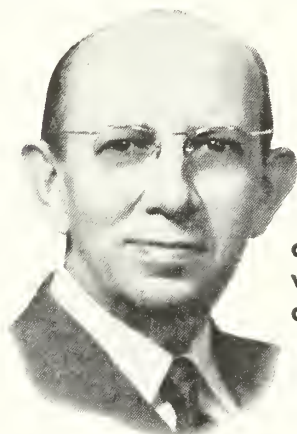


It's a "space happy" station wagon! The outer panels of its all-steel "Lifeguard" Body are trimmed with wood. The only "wagon" in its field with an engine choice—100 h.p. V-8 or 95 h.p. Six!



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"Bracer" gives me great support...



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says
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Address _____

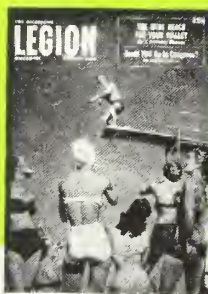
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FIRST IN ELASTIC SUPPORTS



The model's rather hesitant appearance on this month's cover is understandable if you know the circumstances. He posed for his part of the painting on the diving board of an empty swimming pool, looking down at a bare concrete floor 30 feet below. The girls did their posing later at a Connecticut beach on a cold day in April and they too had trouble whipping up enthusiasm for the job.

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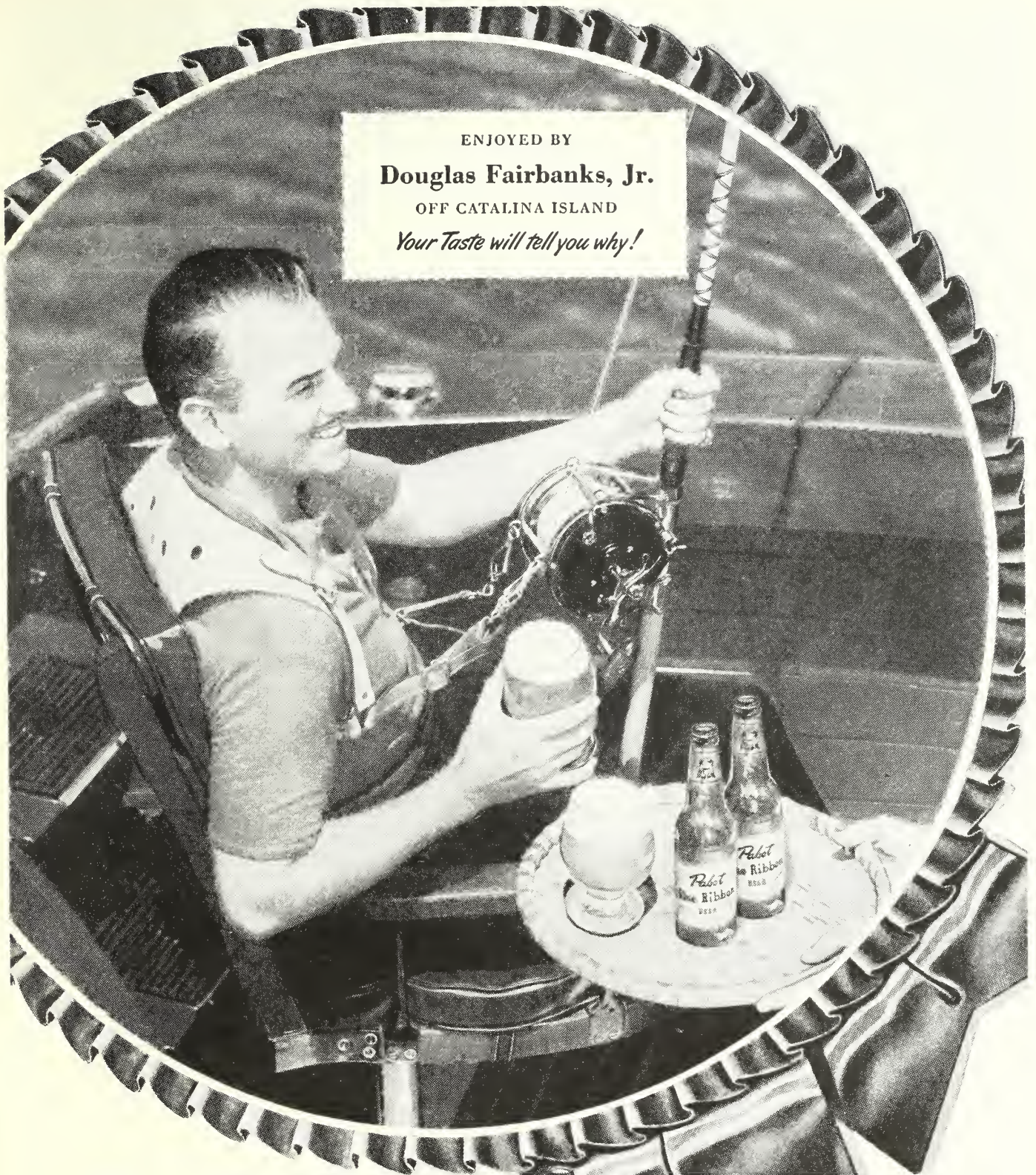
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A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.



MESSED UP WITH CRABGRASS? If so, now is a good time to do something about it. O. M. Scott and Sons Company, Marysville, Ohio, is supplying a revolutionary dry-applied powder that is so selective it kills only crabgrass and does no harm whatsoever to good grass, flowers or valuable shrubs. Called Scutl, the new herbicide is best applied from mid-June to mid-September, while the crabgrass is growing most actively and before the plants ripen and drop their seed. Since crabgrass is an annual, application of the powder means that there will be no new harvest of seed to infest the lawn the following spring. Indeed, if areas cleared of crabgrass are immediately sowed with lawn seed a good lawn can be established before frost ends the germination period. Best way of spreading Scutl is with a two-wheeled mechanical spreader, though a perforated shaker will serve for small areas. It retails at \$1.95 for four pounds, enough for 1250 square feet.

FOR BATHTUB LOUNGING. If you like to soak for a long time in the tub you'll be interested in a new inflatable bath lounge which gives new tubbing luxury. Made of Vinylite and weighing only slightly more than a pound, this bath aid has a comfortable seat, back support and headrest. It is inflated and placed in position before the tub is filled with water, and suction cups on the bottom hold it in place. It comes in pink, blue or white and retails for \$9.85. The manufacturer is Luxury Gifts, Inc., 516 Fifth Ave., New York City 18.

PACKAGE SAW UNIT. Elsewhere in this issue you will read an article entitled "Power Tools That Pay for Themselves," and one of the tools most highly recommended is an arbor saw, especially one with its own table. Fittingly, Emrick, Inc., of Kalamazoo, Mich., has announced at this time its Kwik-Saw, a "package saw unit" which gives you complete and ready for operation upon delivery an 8-inch saw with all accessories including a ½ horsepower motor. It is noteworthy, too, that this is a floor model, mounted on its own all-welded steel stand. Equally noteworthy is the price, \$62.95 complete.



FOR BETTER GROOMING. A whisk broom which telescopes so it can be packed away in a small space is being manufactured by Emenee Industries, Inc., 200 Fifth Ave., New York City 10. When not in use the bristles slide into the handle, and they can be moved out to three positions, the greatest length being nine inches. Both bristles and handle are made of Bakelite styrene plastic. Made in red, green or blue with white bristles the item retails for 69¢



FOR DOGS THAT WALK IN DARKNESS. An ingenious new use for Scotchlite, the material that glows in the dark, is in a dog collar being offered by the Gokey Company of 94 E. Fourth St., St. Paul, Minn. Called the Red-Glow Protective Dog Collar, this canine accessory is made of top grain steerhide an inch wide, completely covered with Scotchlite to alert night drivers. Available in sizes from 12 to 24 inches, the collars are \$1.50 postpaid.

SIMPLE SANDALS. Sandals of many purposes which fit compactly into a tiny space are being marketed by Trylyn Manufacturing Co., 57 Post St., San Francisco 4. Made of flexible Bakelite, the sandals are water-resistant and can be dried instantly by shaking off the water. The soles have molded grooves to prevent slipping. Available in sizes for men, women and children, and in a choice of white, yellow, green or blue, they retail for 79¢ a pair.



FOR PRECISION WORKERS. It is said that you can tell a clumsy workman by the way he butchers screw heads, particularly the tiny screws used in precision machinery. To avoid such butchery, craftsmen will welcome a kit of small screw drivers being offered by the Moody Machine Products Co., Inc., 42-46 Dudley St., Providence 5, R. I. This SC-5 Moody Kit, as it is called, consists of a screw driver barrel of nickel plated steel with an aluminum swivel top that insures ease of operation, together with five blades ranging in size from .100 inch to .040 inch. Blades are interchangeable, being inserted in a chuck in the barrel. Blades and barrel are stored in a machined aluminum base and the complete unit is protected by a clear plastic cover. The price of the kit is \$1.50.

FOR PHONE USERS WHO HAVE CHILDREN. An ingenious device that locks down the contact posts of square base telephones so curious youngsters can't cause service interruptions has been announced by the Murray Manufacturing Co., 63 Rock St., Avon, Mass. Called the Kiddie Proof Phone Gard, it is a metal clamp that can be fastened on the phone in a matter of seconds, and removed just as quickly. Children, or others who don't know how to work it, will find it tricky to detach. The price is 98¢.



ENDS LEAF-RAKING. With autumn coming on apace it won't be long till you start the yearly chore of raking, hauling and burning fallen leaves. However, there's a way to save yourself the trouble, and at the same time turn your leaves into rich plant food, by means of a device called the Grind-a-leaf which is offered by Propulsion Engine Corp., 7th and Sunshine Road, Kansas City 15, Kan., as an accessory for their rotary power lawnmowers. Costing \$10, f.o.b. factory, the Grind-a-leaf attachment consists of a highly pitched blade and shroud. The blade revolves at a high speed and sucks the leaves up, and the shroud confines them while the blade grinds them up and blows the particles through the perforations of the shroud. The device is for use only with this company's Mow-Master mowers.

WORK AND PLAY GLOVES. Legionnaire D. D. Bryant got tired of gloves that got in his way when he wanted to handle tools or shoot or fish, so he invented something different in hand haberdashery. He calls his product Feel Gloves, and that pretty well explains them. The body of the gloves is made of wool for warmth and long wear, but the index finger and thumb are made of Byrd cloth so you can feel or grip even small objects. In addition the deluxe gloves have leather reinforcing, and this too helps grip things. Made by the Morris Manufacturing Co., Newbern, Tenn., the deluxe line of gloves sell for \$2.00 a pair, and those without leather are \$1.50.



FISTFUL OF FUN. Now you can get close-up views of sports events and wild-life without lugging a heavy pair of conventional binoculars. Thanks to a radically different design, 6-power prism binoculars are available which weigh only four ounces and measure only three inches across — a mere fistful. Yet these powerful little glasses, providing a field of view of 375 feet at a thousand yards, and equipped with coated optics, sell for only \$19.50 plus 20 percent Federal tax. The binocular is all metal, baked on black enamel with contrasting chrome finish, and comes in an attractive leather case. It is being offered by United Products Co., 7941 S. Halsted St., Chicago 20.

ARE YOU IN A NUTTY BUSINESS? A new type of nutcracker, for those who use more nuts than can be handled by the kitchen variety of cracker, but who can't spend several hundred dollars for a power-driven machine, has been announced by the Woodson Nut Machinery Co., 3826 Arsenal St., St. Louis 16, Mo. Costing \$23.50, the Woodson machine is a compact and sturdily built tool that the manufacturer says will easily handle 25 nuts a minute. This, he points out, permits a person to start his own small business supplying shelled pecans, Brazil nuts, English walnuts, hazel nuts, filberts and almonds.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine

**Guard hair
and scalp from
Summer Sun!**



Your hair's handsomer, your scalp feels better, when you give them *extra* protection against drying summer sun. Use Vitalis "Live-Action" care—Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"—to guard hair, invigorate scalp. Get Vitalis today, at any drug counter or barber shop.

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"60-Second Workout"



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Sometimes you may think of the Telephone Company simply as the organization that provides you with good telephone service at low cost.

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So do the large purchases of Bell Telephone Companies themselves.

Home Town Booster—Western Electric, the manufacturing and purchasing unit of the Bell System, alone bought from 23,000 concerns in 2500 cities and towns last year.

These things are good for you and good for your town.

Need for Adequate Rates—The jobs, the wages, the money spent for local goods and services, and the continuation of good telephone service, all depend on adequate rates and earnings.

Only through adequate rates and earnings can Bell Telephone Companies meet the increased cost of furnishing the service and attract the new capital needed to improve it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



the Editors' Corner



WHICH WAY DID THEM UP-PAINTERS GO, PODNER?

For our ladies' page in this issue (page 28), Kitty York originally recommended painting a wall from the bottom up. A copy of the article got out of the office before publication and then the bristles started to fly. Somebody in the paint industry, whom we asked to check the story, said you must paint walls from the top down—it's the only neat way.

We asked somebody else in the industry, and he said To Paint Up or To Paint Down is still an unresolved controversy, and if you discuss it with strangers (or even friends) you should have your voice and your muscles in trim.

Here in the office most of us said Kitty was wrong. Everybody (we said) paints down, and that makes sense because the drippings fall on unpainted old wall rather than on new paint you've just smoothed.

But Kitty rallied a few deep thinkers on the subject who admitted that the



Down-Painters, though most numerous by far, have not yet wiped out all enemy pockets of resistance. There's life in the Up-Painters yet.

Then we learned that one paint company once ordered an expensive piece of advertising art from a European artist, but scrapped it when the artist sent in a fine picture of a wall being painted up.

When all the votes were in, the Down-Painters were way out in front, and, faced with the evidence, Kitty consented to go along with the winners and change her copy. But not without pointing out that there are such things as Up-Painters who do a very nice job.

LOCAL STORY

When, a few days before last Christmas, Legion Posts were asked by their National Commander to collect millions of toys to send to European kids, the Posts waded into a big assignment.

In less than two months Posts sent three million toys to the Legion's Philadelphia shipping point. That is nothing to sneeze at.

You know how you did the Tide of Toys job in your town, and you know the co-operation you received from your town-folk. Hundreds of Posts, like Adam Schellinger Post of Nebraska City, Nebraska, had just completed their own toy drives for poor kids in their own towns, and they did the job all over again. The schools of America were magnificent. Legionnaires asked teachers to help. Teachers asked each school child to bring a toy to school to send to Europe. The children brought toys to school by the millions. Department stores, firehouses and police stations, as well as Legion Posts, also acted as central collection points. Merchants gave toys from their Xmas inventories. The clergy backed up Tide of Toys from the pulpits. Local newspapers really went to work on the job, like the *Main Line Times* in the Merion, Pa., area, which printed the name of every child giving a toy, and whose editor sent a letter to each such child. Many Posts, too, gave recognition to the American kids, handing out printed certificates acknowledging gifts.

Just crating the toys was a terrific job, but Legionnaires found all kinds of help, like the Miami, Florida, carpenters union which made crates free for toys piled up at Miami Legion Posts.

Local truckers often donated local haulage of toys. Boys Clubs and Boy Scouts canvassed homes for the Legion toy drive — as in Toledo and Los Angeles.

Now here's your chance to say thank you, and then some. On page 26 is an article, *How You Made 3,000,000 Kids Happy*, which tells what happened after the toys left your town.

The article will give Legionnaires everywhere real satisfaction, we think. And why not show it to the folks who helped you in your Tide of Toys drive? We know they'd appreciate learning what came of their efforts.

If your local paper sees a story possibility in a summary of how Tide of Toys worked in your town, followed by extracts from our present article, we will honor postcard requests for permission to reprint in whole or in part. The Tide of Toys is a local story, for it became a fantastic success purely by local efforts, multiplied several thousand-fold.

THE RUSSIANS IN BUSINESS

J. Anthony Marcus uses strong language in the article *The Reds Reach for Your Wallet*, page 14 of this issue. To use strong language with responsibility you should (1) have something to talk strongly about and (2) know what you are talking about. The "something" Mr. Marcus discusses is Russia's use of the kind of imperialistic international capitalism that earned the most unscrupulous capitalists of a generation and more ago the title of "dollar diplomats."

Mr. Marcus came here from Russia in 1910. He speaks the Russian language fluently, and has known many Russian leaders personally. In the past thirty years he has spent many years in Russia on behalf of American corporations as negotiator, buyer and seller to Soviet bureaucracy. Having seen what is going on he recommends that we get out of the business that has earned him a living. R.B.F.

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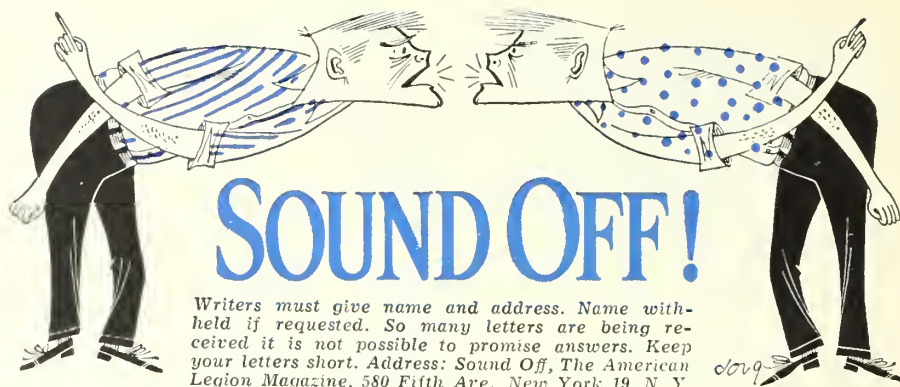


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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

PATCHES WANTED

The patients at Walter Reed General Hospital have organized a Patch Club, and hope that ex-service men who have any of these souvenirs of service that they do not need will send them along. The patches should be addressed to the Secretary of the Patch Club, Cpl. John W. McDowell, 926 K St., N. W., Washington 1, D. C., and will be acknowledged.

Harry Cedar
Washington, D. C.

ON PACKAGED THINKING

Your June, 1950, column printed a letter from Anne Hill Bowers which contained a request for the name of an organization which analyzes school materials in current use. Your editors referred her to "The Educational Reviewer" of which Mrs. Lucille Cardin Crain is the Editor and which is published at 112 East 36th St., New York 16, N. Y.

There is no doubt that "The Educational Reviewer" fills a long-felt want for many of us who have been bewildered and appalled when glancing through the textbooks our children bring home. They're a far cry from our own textbooks, and, as parents, we need the critical analyses "The Educational Reviewer" provides.

Mrs. Crain with Anne Burrows Hamilton has also published a pamphlet entitled "Packaged Thinking for Women" which exposes the thought control methods of women's clubs, and their influence on the politics of our nation. This pamphlet may be obtained from the National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y., for the nominal price of twenty-five cents. This pamphlet is of inestimable value in our present-day confusion and distrust.

Mrs. J. V. K.
Massachusetts

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

The authorities are beginning to talk civilian defense and like so many other times the brass is again "fighting the last war." They are again establishing a plane spotting net. Not much has yet been heard of air raid wardens, emergency police and fire fighters but we can expect it. Such a program is futile and impossible to keep at any kind of efficiency unless the emergency is imminent. To keep a volunteer, unpaid force alert and prepared through a long period of inaction is impossible.

Some substitute must be found. I believe that the Legion and the other vet-

eran organizations could cooperate to provide an emergency disaster force to operate until the authorities were ready to take over. This is the time when organization is needed and needed fast. In a disaster like that at South Amboy the greatest danger is from inadequate policing. Panic and looting must be stopped at once pending arrival of the state militia. Who are so trained to discipline among civilians as the veterans?

Might I suggest that each veteran post in a community be assigned an assembly point? The ranking officer of the post present should assume command. Veterans should go to the nearest assembly point and place themselves under orders for such assignments as the officer-in-charge sees fit. Naturally when the militia come, command should and would be turned over as a matter of course.

Howard G. Borden
Trenton, N. J.

TO YOUNG VETS IN HOSPITALS

I am interested in starting a correspondence with a young veteran in a VA Hospital. Perhaps one that is a long way from home who might enjoy writing to me. I am 18 years of age.

Nonita Brown
35 W. Chestnut Ave.
Merchantville, N. Y.

PRaise FOR HOSPITALS

I have returned home after being a patient at the Veterans Hospital at Wilmington, Del. Myself and all the patients with whom I talked while I was in the hospital had nothing but praise for the courteous, pleasant, and efficient manner in which we were treated by all the members of the staff from the Superintendent, Doctors, nurses, and attendants, also the Red Cross, and the various churches.

The Veterans Administration is to be commended for the set-up and the efficient management of this hospital.

James T. Patterson
J. P. Stark Post
Pittston, Pa.

Your magazine can print another item of praise for the Vets' Hospitals.

Ever since coming "aboard" this hospital, I have received nothing but pleasant, efficient and courteous treatment.

This is a brand new hospital, laid out scientifically and presenting a beautiful appearance to all beholders.

Elizabeth R. Shoemaker, USCG
Buffalo, N. Y.



Fall in...

Hup, Hup, 3-4! It's your convention! March proudly in the stirring Legion parade! Marvel at the gorgeous pageant to be presented in the great Memorial Coliseum! Relax in the comforts of Los Angeles hospitality. Thrill to the magnificence of Los Angeles! More places to go! More things to do! Have a swell time at the marvelous motion picture studios! See the glamorous movie stars! Enjoy the warmth of welcome that all Los Angeles has prepared for you! Yes—it will be a thrilling convention—and jam-packed with joyful hours to guarantee you the time of your life. Get off the dime! Join your state delegation. Contact your state adjutant. Let's go to the biggest Legion convention in history! Meet your buddies from Iwo Jima, Guadalcanal, Okinawa, Casa Blanca, Algiers, Salerno, Normandie, The Bulge, Berlin.

★ ★

American Legion 1950 Convention
Los Angeles ★ October 9, 10, 11, 12

★ ★

Custom-made for Ted Williams, star swatsman for the Boston Red Sox. Ted Williams, baseball's highest-paid player, has twice won the American League's Most Valuable Player Award. In 1949 he led the American League batsmen with 43 homers. His "Louisville Slugger" bats are custom-made by Hillerich & Bradsby, Louisville, Kentucky. The rest of his equipment is custom-made by Wilson Sporting Goods Company.



CUSTOM-MADE

**to give you
Best performance
Best protection**



To get smooth, powerful engine performance — get Custom-Made Havoline. Power-stealers are out — because this great new motor oil's cleansing action fights carbon, sludge and acids. You're safe, because you've got *complete lubrication protection* — and you benefit through more gas-miles and power, fewer repairs.

Even better than its famous predecessor, Custom-Made Havoline is the best motor oil your money can buy. It's superior to any Premium motor oil — meets all requirements for heavy-duty lubricating oil! Custom-Made Havoline has been tested and proved in millions of miles of driving in all 48 states. Get it today from your Texaco Dealer — *the best friend your car ever had!*



THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

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CONVOY

The Armed Guard Coxswain would never let the men rest—so there was bad blood on board when the Nazi planes struck



"OKAY YOU MEN. Rain's stopped. Let's hit those guns," said the hard, flat voice

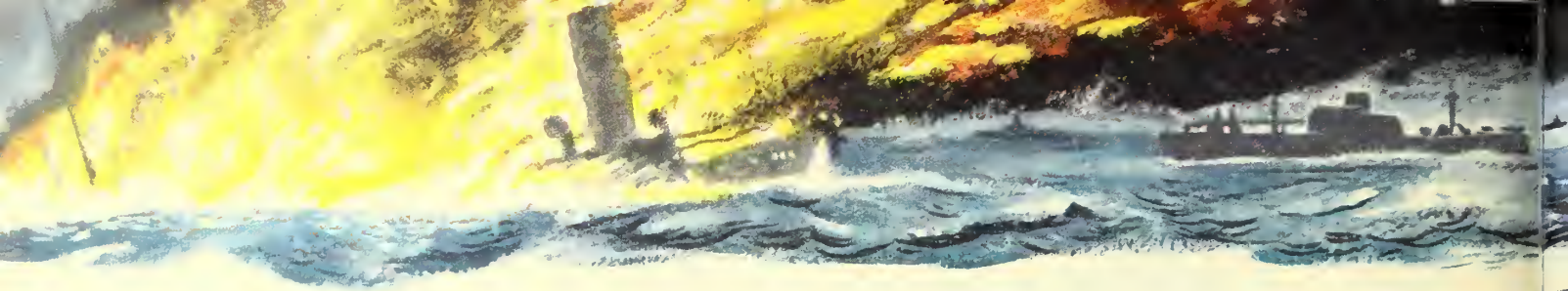
By WILLIAM HOLDER

SITTING in the Navy gunners' mess of the *George Foster*, Johnny Ordway could almost taste in the coffee the general uneasiness and fear. He adjusted his body to the roll of the heavily laden freighter and was silent, watching the others. The convoy had lost four ships coming across the North Atlantic and Johnny had seen three of them go, so scared that he couldn't spit. But this was different. This was something you could feel in the hull itself. The whole ship was tight and tense.

But Slim Baker wasn't. That's what it meant to be a real Navy man. Slim peeled off his heavy jacket, loosened a scarf. "Cold up theah. Damn if I didn't like to feeze. Wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't fo' that miserable rain."

Feeney said, "It'll be a lot colder where you're goin'. A lot colder and a lot hotter."

Their destination wasn't any secret, now. A day and half out of Loch Lamb, in Northern Scotland, and the needle of the compass on the flying bridge pointing due north. That could mean one thing. (Continued on next page)



AS THEY SWERVED PAST the burning ship Saunders said,

(continued)

CONVOY

Fat Furulo said the word. "Murmansk." It had an ugly sound and just hung there in the room.

Slim Baker shrugged. "Won't be the first time for this lil' ol' boy." He lit a

"All right. Finish your coffee but don't take all day." And Parsons was gone.

Slim sighed. "Man won't even give you a chance to get warm." He grinned through the smoke of his cigarette. "That stinker is strikin' for admiral."

Feeney said, "How come he's got a rate and you haven't, Slim?"

Slim's grin widened. "Them little spots on his nose ain't freckles, son. Now, ol' Baker, he just don't seem to get along with that gold braid. Never did. They're of one mind and most of the time I'm of another."

"He ever with the Fleet, Slim?" Johnny asked.

Baker stared at him. "Him? With the Fleet? Hell, boy, he's only been in the outfit a yeah, yeah and a half. These rust buckets is the only Fleet

Parsons knows. He wouldn't last a week in

the real Navy. This Armed Guard is his style."

Johnny got up, took his cup into the pantry and washed it out. He headed for the door and the others followed him. Baker said, "Now don't rush off, men, jest because that boy rings the bell. We got plenty of time."

Johnny was still grinning when he went up the after ladders to the flying bridge and to his gun, the Number Three 20mm. He stood beside the gun tub and looked at the convoy, fifteen ships in all, and the sense of depression returned. The freighters, in columns of three, plodded like toys through the limitless gray sea. They rolled in the swell, some of them in unison and several out of time with the rest, and far out on the flanks Johnny could see a couple of the British trawlers that were serving as escorts.

Marty Moran said, "All right, tourist. Let's get to work."

Marty was the gunner, a square, chunky man of twenty-four, seven years older than Johnny. The inevitable cigar butt was in his mouth and he was taking the gun down. "Parsons says put full tension on all the maga-

zines. You can do that and I'll take care of George, here."

Johnny said, "Okay." He took a magazine from the ready box, put it on the frame and started winding up the tension with the loading lever. "Baker says that Parsons has never been with the Fleet."

"That makes a crowd of us," Marty said. "But I wish Parsons was with the Fleet right now. The guy is a dilly. I been on this thing a month and I ain't put in four hours straight sleep."

Johnny kept working. "How'd you come to get in the Armed Guard, Marty?"

Marty had the barrel out of the gun and he placed it on some rags on the floor of the gun tub so that it wouldn't roll. He straightened up. "I volunteered. I was just through with boot school, down in Norfolk, and there was a draft of thirty going up to submarine school in New London. We're all lined up with our gear, and some old chief comes along with a bunch of papers in his hand. He brings us to attention tells us that the Armed Guard needed some men. He tells us, 'One step forward—march!' and we all take one step. He says, 'You just volunteered.' That was all, brother. I been ridin' these tubs ever since."

They worked in the cold, reluctant light of the fading sun, and men were occupied with the other seven 20mm's. At the three inch fifties, one on the bow and the other at the stern, the crews were busy, cleaning and oiling. Johnny felt a presence at the side of the tub and looked up.

It was Parsons. He said, "Everything okay, Marty?"

"Sure. I rub this thing down one more time and it's gonna fall apart."

Parsons didn't even smile as he walked away, and Johnny looked after him with distaste. He hadn't cared much for Parsons since the first time he'd seen him. The guy was all drive. He'd asked Johnny if he'd known the 20mm, and Johnny said, yes, he did.

cigarette and the gesture had an air, like everything Slim did. "Any of you been up theah?" No one answered, and he shook his head. "You ain't gonna like it one little bit."

"It's tough?" Feeney asked.

Baker looked at him and grinned. "Tough, son? Really rugged. Why, I remember..."

But looking at Slim, Johnny Ordway knew it wouldn't be tough for him. He'd been around. He'd been in the Navy for almost six years. Working on his second hitch. He'd been with the Fleet. He recalled the stories Slim had told during the long night watches they'd spent together, during the sessions in the mess room or in the compartment. Stories of the Fleet, of liberties in Colon and Panama, of girls in sun-drenched Eastern ports, of fights in Boston and New York. Slim was strictly Navy, and a run like this wouldn't bother him.

The hard, flat voice interrupted Slim. Parsons' voice. The coxswain was framed in the doorway, his face white, his jaw jutting. "Okay, we're getting a break in the weather. Rain's stopped and the sun's trying to break out. Let's hit those guns. I don't know how long it will last."

Slim Baker said, "Hell, man, we jest come off watch."





"That was the *Harry Salmon*. Gee, I knew a lot of guys on that!"

That had been in Philadelphia, when they'd been tied up to the dock, loading. Parsons had walked him right to a gun and had said, "All right, take it down and put it together again."

Johnny had tried. He'd been schooled on it at Little Creek. But he was fumbling and inept. He needed help and he was slow.

And Parsons had said, "You're not bad, but you don't know that gun the way you should. You're going to be loader for Marty Moran on No. 3. From now on you'll spend two hours a day on that gun until you *really* know it."

And he had. Parsons had seen to that. After two weeks he could put the thing together in his sleep. His mind was full of breech bars, barrel springs, breech bolt, securing bolt, buffer springs, magazine interlock, sear, striker pin, trigger mechanism. Parsons checked him every other day, and finally, two days after they sailed, he said, "All right, Ordway. Now you know it. Just don't forget any of it." Johnny thought he never would.

Now he said to Marty Moran, "You ever work for a guy like Parsons?"

Marty shook his head. "On the outside they couldn't pay me enough to work for him."

"Somebody ought to knock his brains out," Johnny said. "Maybe he'd learn."

Marty looked at him. "Feeney tried it. In Philly. He didn't make out so

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

good. Parsons lowered the boom."

Johnny had heard nothing about it. He remembered Feeney coming back from a liberty, once, with his face in awful shape. Someone had mentioned a fight in a bar, and he'd forgotten about it. So that was how it had happened. It surprised him. Feeney was big and rugged.

"Parsons is too cold," Johnny said. "He does everything by the book. Hell, Slim said..."

Then he saw Mr. Rawley, the ensign who was the gunnery officer, talking to Parsons over near the canvas wind-break. Rawley was a tall, thin young man, and this was his first trip, too, Johnny knew. He remembered seeing him at the gunnery school in Little Creek. Rawley spoke above the wind.

"Don't you think you might be working them a little hard, Parsons?"

After all, if we're going to be busy they should be rested."

Parsons thin, harsh voice said, "Yes, sir. But it won't do them any good to be rested if the guns aren't right."

Rawley nodded slowly. "You have something there."

And Marty mumbled, "Yeah, but what is it?"

Marty finished with the gun just as Johnny put tension on the last magazine. Marty pushed up the catch lever

and Johnny snapped the magazine on, then covered the gun. They were climbing out of the tub when Slim Baker, who had the gun on the port side, walked up from the after ladders and slung a leg over his tub.

Parsons went over to him. "You sure took your time, Baker. It'll be dark before you're through."

Slim smiled at him. "Had a second cup of coffee. Don't you fret yourself about ol' Slim, boy. I'll get along." He turned and started working on the gun, and Parsons stood there silently. Johnny grinned as he and Marty walked to the after ladders. You couldn't ruffle that Slim.

The messroom was noisier than ever at chow that night, Johnny noticed. Everybody was trying to be a comedian and no one was making the grade. The tension was mounting and they were all attempting to dispel it.

"About these Russian babes," Fat Furulo said. "Have I got the right dope? They really cooperate?"

Slim Baker grinned. "A couple bars of chocolate makes 'em mighty friendly, Fat. You figure you

want to buy some of mine?"

"Hell, I won't need any candy. I'll just give 'em that big Furulo smile, a little Jersey City technique, an' I'll have to chase 'em away with a club."

"Chase them my way," Feeney said. "I could use a little of that stuff."

Harris, the gunners' mate, said, "Slim, what are they like?"

Slim Baker grinned at him. "Why, Harris, to a little ol' boy like you, I guess it wouldn't make no nevermind. What was it like the first time you ever wore shoes?"

A roar went up, and when it subsided, Johnny noticed Parsons, down at the end of the table, eating slowly and silently, unsmilingly. Marty Moran said, "What's it like, Parsons? You been up here?"

Parsons shook his head. "No."

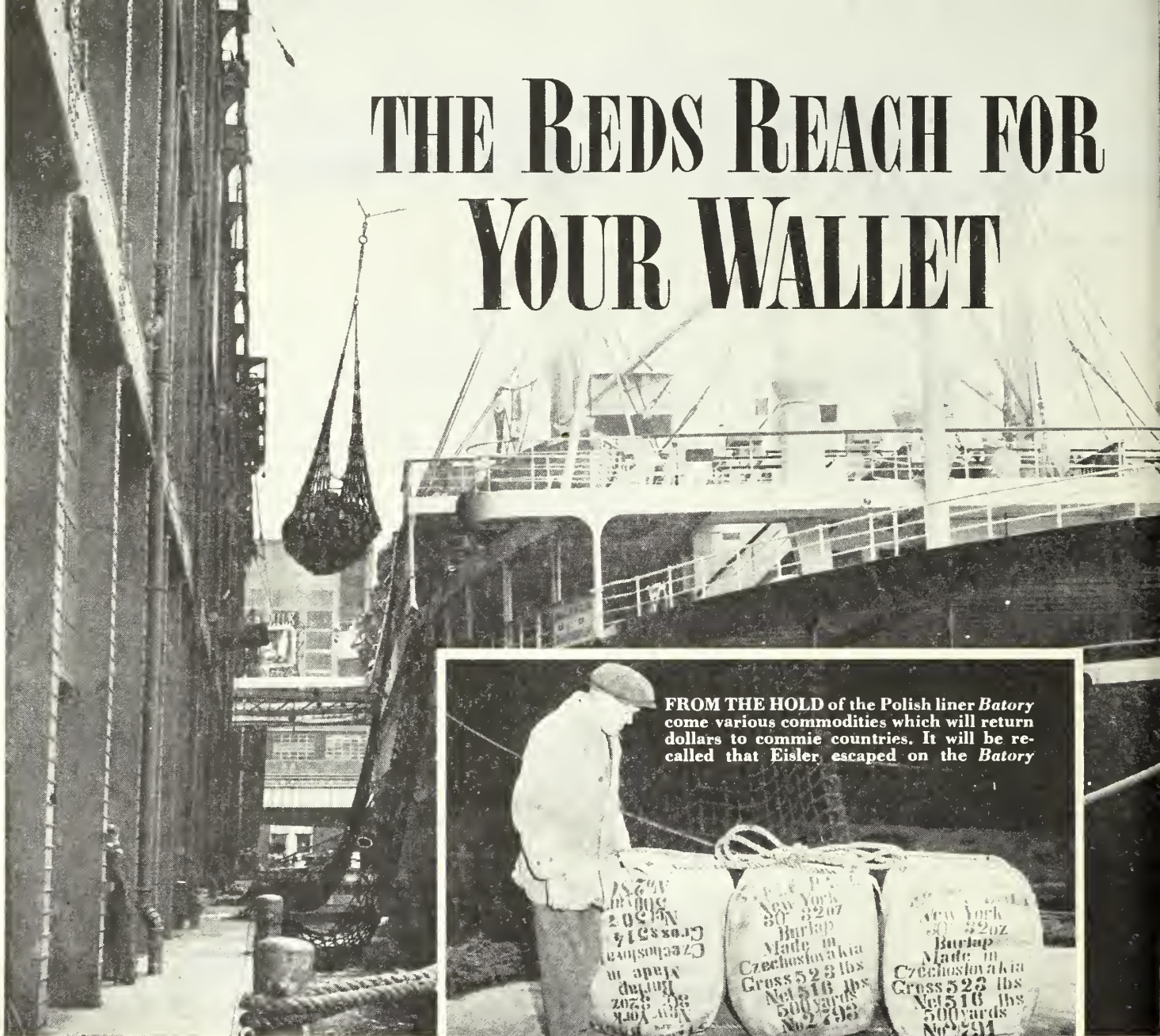
The table was silent for a moment, then Slim Baker said, "Where have you been, Parsons?"

Parsons set down his knife and fork. "I've only (Continued on page 42)

"HOWINELL can that ensign tell when it's a thousand yards?" Marty muttered



THE REDS REACH FOR YOUR WALLET



FROM THE HOLD of the Polish liner *Batory* come various commodities which will return dollars to commie countries. It will be recalled that Eisler escaped on the *Batory*

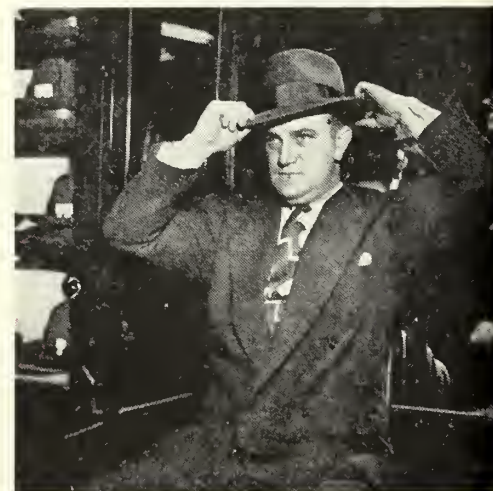
“НЕ ОБМАНЕШ, НЕ ПРОДАШ”
(IF YOU DON'T CHEAT, YOU DON'T SELL)
RUSSIAN ADAGE

By J. ANTHONY MARCUS
President, Institute of Foreign Trade

The Kremlin gang has already taken a big bite out of every dollar you earn. Now they hope to get more, plus your job, by dumping cheap products on our markets

VERY FEW OF US ever stop to think how Soviet imperialism is eating into our pockets — rich and poor alike. Every pay envelope is being rifled by the invisible Kremlin hand. Every

CZECH hat factories, run by Stalin's gang, are turning out hats for the U. S. A. — cheap, too





ONCE THE JAPS dominated the crab-meat industry. Then the Russians moved in and took over this rich revenue-producer



ALREADY they've taken over the hog bristle industry from China. Soviet trade commissars are not far behind Red armies



CZECH SHOES were dumped here at 87¢ a pair. A famous department store and a large chain featured the goods from commie-land

dividend check is being robbed by the same international brigand. Every grocery bag contains less food because a fanatical gang of Moscow has decreed perpetual war until either they or free men survive.

Due to the rise of the Soviet counter-revolution against free institutions in

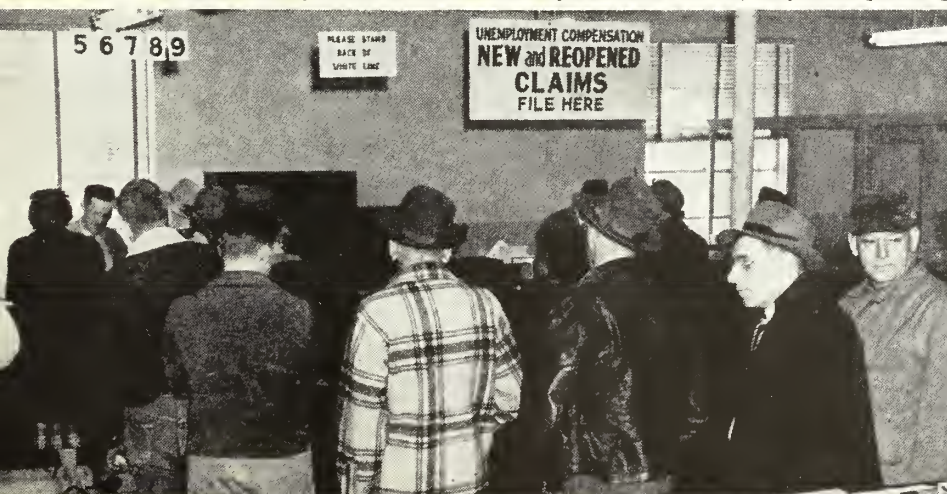
1917, economic normalcy has become a thing of the past. Long-range development programs are not undertaken, jobs are not multiplying fast enough to take care of the ever-rising population because Moscow wants conditions to remain uncertain, chaotic in order to fish in muddy waters. War-weary and impoverished nations must spend huge fortunes on armaments to prepare for the showdown which Lenin, chief architect of the Russian slave state, had proclaimed as "unavoidable."

To gain our diplomatic recognition in 1933 the Kremlin dangled billions in trade for our then idle factories. We fell for it and found ourselves cheated and deceived. Soviet purchases actually fell off. With recognition, however, came Stalin's hoped-for opportunity to flood this country with industrial spies disguised as "buying commissions" to steal our technological secrets in order to strengthen the Soviet war potential.

At Teheran and Yalta Stalin cheated President Roosevelt by promising peaceful cooperation after the war. With men like Alger Hiss as his advisers, he was unaware of Stalin's strict adherence to the old Russian Principle: "If you don't cheat, you don't sell." No sooner were our common enemies defeated then, with renewed fury, the Soviet Government resumed the perpetual war against the democratic nations which is costing us over twenty-five billions of dollars a year. No nation has ever been confronted with so deadly and costly an enemy. No nation has ever had less reason to

(Continued on page 57)

ONE RESULT of the commies' cheap hats—some of the unemployed in Danbury, Conn., center of America's hat industry. Buyers would do well to study the maker's label, not just the price tag





What has happened to **American Cooking?**

Are we eating better than ever before? Here's one expert who doesn't think so as he recalls the fragrant dishes of yesteryear that made the mouth water and stuck to the ribs

By **HARRY BOTSFORD**

ILLUSTRATED BY BUD HAWES

IF SOMETHING very serious hasn't happened to American food, tell me, where are the traditional dishes that once graced the American table? How long has it been since you enjoyed rawfried potatoes, raised buckwheat cakes, an ungilded bean soup or a mess of dandelion greens? If you are having these succulent dishes with regularity, you are most fortunate. If, from time to time, you sniff the unforgettable fragrance of freshly-baked bread and if you're persuasive enough to be given the warm heel of the loaf, spread thickly with butter, then you are sharing a great American heritage. And, how long has it been since you sipped a tall glass of



WHEN November came to the hills, a crock of divine buckwheat batter lurked close to the old wood-burning kitchen range

genuine buttermilk, cool-fresh from a farm spring house—nectar flecked with the gold of butter? This differs from the modern cultured synthetic buttermilk as vintage champagne differs from prune juice.

I remember when bean soup arrived at the table in its pristine glory. It was an uplifting soup, with liberal traces of ham hock with which the beans had been simmering for as much as eight hours. It was—and still is—about the best of all soups.

Today's bean soup is often a travesty. In it will be found onion, diced potatoes, slices of tomato, remnants of salt pork and strange herbs. It has been cooked casually and with great speed. "You can't hurry a bean," my grandmother used to say. Her culinary precepts were sound. Cream, assorted herbs and alien and unfriendly oddments, such as paprika, were things that never contaminated her glorious soup. A huge tureen of bean soup, freshly-baked crusty bread and a bowl of tangy cole slaw—these were a meal and a very good one. "These are vittles that stick to the ribs," grandfather would declare—high praise and deserved.

I am paid to eat in the best restaurants of New York and to report on the character of food encountered. I have tried for years to find a single bistro where I could indulge in a bowl of honest and unadulterated bean soup. The search for the Holy Grail was a minor affair compared to my unsuccessful safari.

Remember the glorious goodness of

"Gold" soup? It was a cunning brew of assorted vegetables that had simmered with a generous piece of fat beef for hours on end. When it arrived at the table, the surface of the soup had a shimmering, entrancing film of sheer gold—liquid and palatable fat, a grace-note of absolute merit, one that helped to give the soup basic integrity. Today's dieticians, the vandals, cool their soups, skim off the energizing fat, a culinary crime of the first magnitude.

I find myself baffled on many food fronts. Outside my home, I haven't tasted raised buckwheat pancakes for two hungry decades. Mention raised buckwheat pancakes to the modern housewife and about all you can expect is a blank look or a hasty admission that she heard John mention them favorably.

When November came to the Pennsylvania hills, a crock of divine buckwheat batter lurked close to the old wood-burning range in the farm kitchen. It stayed there until the following April. By popular request! From this brown crock emerged a robust and stimulating aroma that I once found more delightful than any modern perfume. It was compounded of the active fermentation of a mixture of buckwheat flour, yeast, sour milk, soda and a modicum of molasses. The crock was never fully emptied, for some of it had to serve as a starter for the next day's batch.

When you came in for breakfast after a brisk bout of chilly chores, you found the batter being translated into small brown pancakes on a long griddle. They were delicately and distinctively

flavored and tender as the kiss of a baby. With them would be a platter of fried, home-made sausage, or a few slices of home-cured ham. There, friends and neighbors, was a breakfast! After eating it, a man went forth fully fortified against inclement weather, capable of chopping a cord of stove wood before the midday meal. A fine breakfast food! My grandfather used to hold that the finest breakfast food was a small steak, judiciously broiled and served with hot soda biscuits, a theory with which I cannot quarrel.

Some day, a poet blessed with understanding, embittered by frustrated nostalgia in all its branches, will sit down and compose a great epic poem about raised buckwheat cakes. I hope he puts me down for a copy.

How about the pasty? English song and prose of yesteryear frequently mentioned and praised a venison pasty. It's now a stranger to most American tables, unhappily. Yet, in this country the pasty attained its greatest stature. In reality, it's a one-dish meal of great virtues: pic dough is cut to size, into the middle is placed an appetizing heap of diced raw beef, chopped onion, diced potatoes, all appropriately seasoned, mixed in a little butter. Then the dough is folded over the ingredients, the top is slit for the escape of steam and into the slip goes some



"FOOD is somesing near holy, yet" a Pennsylvania Dutch woman once told me

melted butter. Forty-five minutes in a 350-degree oven produces a noble and inspiring dish—it's too bad we don't have it more often!

Who doesn't recall raw-fried potatoes? They are crusty and heavenly, potatoes at their ultimate best. The dieticians sneer at raw-fried potatoes, scream that they are calculated to generate

(Continued on page 41)

What makes a CHAMPION



DRUM MAJOR OLSEN needed first aid for exhaustion after Garbarina Post, en route to the National title, won the Pageant of the Drum at Syracuse, N. Y., July 4, 1949

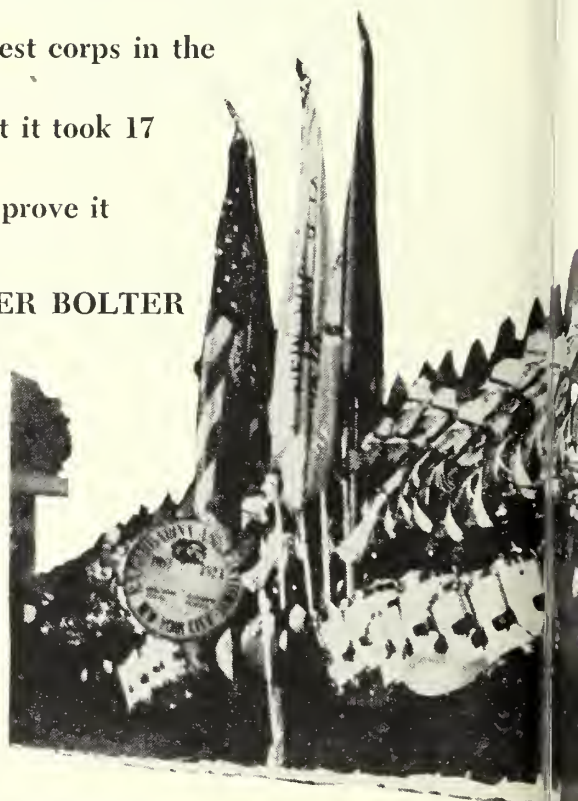
THE SCENE BELOW is on the field of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium last September, where Garbarina won the National Senior title in its first try

1946..SAN FRANCISCO. TOO FAR
1947..NEW YORK, INELIGIBLE
1948..MIAMI, TOO FAR
1949..PHILADELPHIA, 1st NAT'L COMPETITION, 1st PLACE



The boys of Garbarina Post knew they'd be the best corps in the land. But it took 17 years to prove it

By PETER BOLTER



WHEN NEW YORK CUSTOMS HOUSE employee William St. John organized a junior drum and bugle corps in 1932, the boys of his corps averaged nine years of age. They lived in the area around the west end of 125th Street, in New York, where the West Side subway rumbles overhead. There isn't much room for kids to play there, except when police close off nearby La Salle Street as a play street in the hot summer months.

Ten years later, in 1942, when St. John's junior corps was still going strong, the older members disbanded for service around the globe with the armed forces of the United States. Since 1932 they had become one of the four best junior corps in the East and they had every intention of being the best junior or senior corps in the country. They had, in the meantime, been sponsored at different times by three separate Posts of The American Legion and one VFW Post.

"When we come back from the war," the corps agreed, "let's form a Legion

DRUM CORPS



Post of our own. We will name it after the first of us to be killed in service, and we will stay together and be the best senior drum and bugle corps in the country."

The first to be killed was Raymond A. Garbarina, who had been a bugler in St. John's junior corps. He was a truck-driving PFC in the army when his ammo truck received a direct hit in the Battle of the Bulge.

Six other members of the Corps were lost in War Two, and the man who made the corps, William St. John, a War One veteran who also served briefly in War Two, died when he fell from a Customs launch patrolling New York Harbor in November, 1945.

The rest came back. They chartered Raymond A. Garbarina Memorial Post of The American Legion, with HQ at Tiemann Place in their old New York City neighborhood.

For the next four years they com-

peted in the Legion's eastern championship senior drum corps circuit. This circuit has so far produced every post-war Legion National Championship Senior Drum and Bugle Corps, including those of Stratford, Conn., Hackensack, N. J., and Riverside, N. J.

Garbarina Post lost only one competition in that company during four years.

But the Post was strapped for money, and couldn't send its 60-man corps to the 1946 Legion Convention in San Francisco, where Stratford won the national senior title.

In '47, when the Legion Convention moved to New York, Garbarina Post learned that the host town wasn't allowed to compete. The corps sat in the stands, unable to go onto the field and vie with their old rivals from Hackensack, across the river, who won the national title.

In 1948 the convention moved to Miami. Garbarina couldn't afford the trip, and their other old rivals, the Jersey Joes from Riverside, N. J., won.

Since anybody in New York can afford to go to Philadelphia, Garbarina Post was there last fall for the 1949 National Convention, after four years of nail-biting for a crack at the National Senior title.

At Philadelphia, only the pre-war champion corps of Commonwealth Edison Post, of Chicago, was able to grab one of the first five spots away from the tough eastern circuit. Hackensack's Doremus Post was well up again, in fifth. Edison was fourth. Hamilton Post, of Baltimore, in the eastern circuit, was third. The Riverside Jersey Joes were second.

On top was Raymond A. Garbarina Memorial (Continued on page 55)

Power Tools

that pay for themselves

Home improvements are a cinch if you use modern tools, and there are few investments that pay better dividends

By JOE ARMEL CROSS

ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO I bought a house. Until that time I had lived in an apartment, and there was no particular reason for me to think about more or less permanent improvements in the place I was occupying.

But when you buy a house it's different. If you've recently bought one, you'll know what I mean. Before you've even moved in, you and your wife are thinking of all sorts of things that need doing to fix up the place the way you'd like it. Maybe there are partitions to be built, so you can make better use of part of the space. There are sure to be shelves to be put up; probably the living-room would look far better with built-in bookcases, and there's no such creature as a wife who doesn't want a dozen things changed in the kitchen. So it was with us.

First thing I did was to get catalogues of power-tools. Right away I was in trouble. I looked at all those gleaming pictures of lathes, drill-presses, band-saws, shapers, and what have you, and I wanted them all. But there was the little matter of budget. The outlay for tools had to be kept as small as possible. Since I couldn't buy them all, I had to start off by getting one, or two (maybe) that I needed most.

The question was, which did I need first?

When I laid this problem before my

wife, she came up with one of those typical feminine answers—a simple statement that settled the whole thing. She said, "Go and talk to an expert."

Then I thought I had her. I came right back with "Who?"

Didn't faze her a bit. She answered, "Old man Miller. Everybody around here seems to know him. He's been a carpenter and furniture maker since the year one."

"That's just the trouble," I answered. "I don't want to talk to some old-fashioned character who was around when Noah was inventing the auger."

"How do you know he's old-fashioned?" asked my helpmeet. I couldn't answer that, so I went to see Mr. Miller.

Much to my surprise, I found him busily at work in the most modern and highly mechanized shop I ever saw.



THIS CUMMINS electric hand saw is a versatile tool which can be quickly converted into a sander or planer with accessories

Introducing myself. I made some remark about not expecting to find him using so many power tools. He fixed me with a glittering eye and said, "Mr. Cross, I've been a cabinet maker for forty years and more. I learned long ago that when it comes to pushing a saw through a piece of wood, I can't hold a candle to an electric motor. Even when I was younger, that was true. Now that I'm getting on, and sort of have to save my strength, power tools are doubly important." He looked around at all the labor-saving machinery in his shop and went on, "I don't do one single, solitary operation that I can find a machine to do for me. Look at it this way. I read some place that a strong man, working his hardest can put out a quarter of a horsepower for short periods of time. Electricity these days costs five cents a



AN INEXPENSIVE sander-polisher such as this Black & Decker unit will prove to be an excellent investment

kilowatt hour, in many places. Often costs less than that. One kilowatt hour is about one and a third horsepower — near enough five times the energy a man can exert. To do the work an electric motor can do for him, a man's time is bringing him one cent an hour. Don't sound like good pay to me."

"How about people like me?" I inquired. "You know, the man who makes things for the house in his spare time. Are power tools as important for him?"

"To my way of thinking they are. Your spare time, when you can work around the house, evenings and weekends, is worth a certain amount. But for amateurs like you, power tools have another value. Can you use an old-fashioned cross-cut saw?"

"Huh? Can I saw a piece of wood? Sure. Why?"

"How straight can you saw it? Here, look. I rule a pencil line along near the edge of this piece of wood. Now you take that saw out of the rack and cut along that line."

I did as he told me. The wood was about a foot wide, and my arm felt like it when I was through. He took the piece when I was through and looked at it.

"Hum. Kept within about a sixteenth of an inch of the center line. Not bad for an amateur. I timed you. Took a minute and ten seconds. Now watch this . . ."

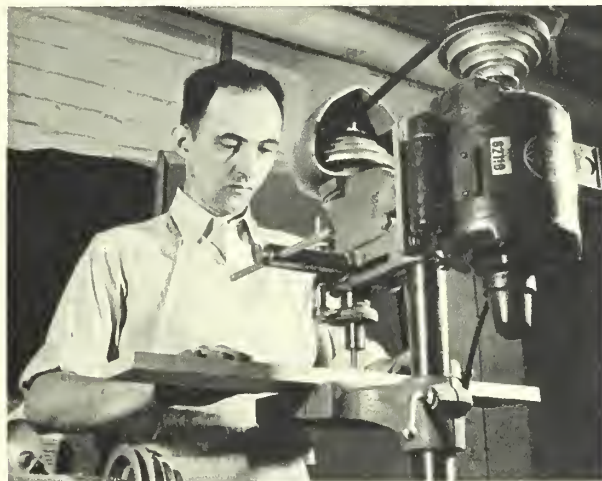
He took a piece of wood the same width, put it on his bench saw and cut it in seven seconds. "Saves quite a bit of time," he pointed out. Then he went on, "My arm isn't tired, like yours was. Another thing. Take that piece you cut, and stand it on the ground on the edge you sawed, like this." He balanced his piece on edge. It stood easily. But I couldn't get mine to stand up.

"Know why yours won't stand up? Because the cut isn't square. You didn't hold the (Continued on page 51)

PHOTOS BY BOB ISEAR

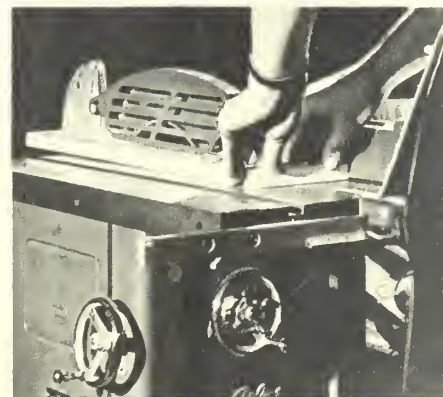


A GREAT TIME saver is a paint sprayer such as this one made by Binks. A sprayer is at its best when you have a lot of work to do. Practice, however, is needed



BECAUSE IT can do so many things, a drill press such as this Delta is a must in any workshop

HAND SANDING is a slow, exasperating job. A belt sander like this Skilsaw model will do in a few minutes what would ordinarily take hours



ANOTHER very useful tool, and one of the first you should consider, is a bench saw. This one is made by Atlas

Are there Men on the Moon?

Man's desire to believe that there are Others in outer space has made him fall for some tall tales. But the greatest hoax of all was put across in 1835

By KENNETH BALDWIN

Robert J. Langley

PERSONALLY, I HOPE IT'S TRUE. I hope there *are* other creatures. After all, it's pretty vain of us to think we're the only ones."

That's Earthman talking. That's the way he's been talking and thinking for a long time. He's been intrigued. His Earthbound mind has been reaching out, burning with fascination, hope, maybe fear, but surely curiosity. He has had a strong inclination to believe any piece of evidence that said he was not alone; that somewhere, somehow there were Others.

Now he's on the threshold of finding out. With every flaming swoosh of a rocket leaving Earth from White Sands, N. M., he comes closer to liberating himself and closer to finding the answer to the question of Others. When he finally *does* find out, it's going to mark the end of a lot of wishful speculation.

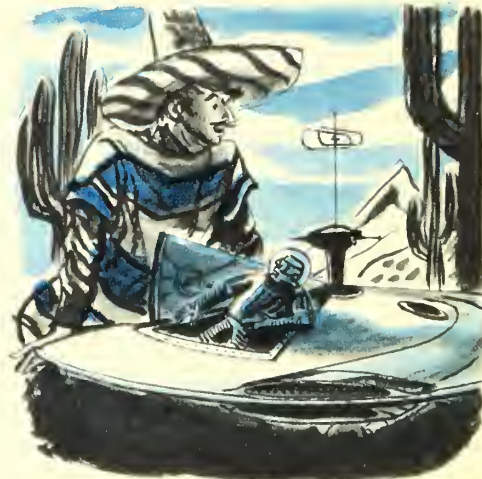
Let's look at three examples: Earthman's desire to believe in the reality of flying saucers; his inclination to believe that Orson Welles's men from Mars were invading New Jersey; and his hook-line-and-telescope acceptance of a bizarre Moon Story in 1835.

Whether flying saucers are real or not—that is, whether they are interplanetary vehicles operated by Others—is not so important as the fact that Earthmen in every part of this globe have been for the most part caught up

with the desire to believe they are true.

Some saucer sightings are well documented and apparently legitimate. Others are obviously pure figments of Earthman's excited imagination. In either case, however, the fact flying saucers are consistently front-page news is evidence of Earthman's burning curiosity and his unspoken hope that he is not alone.

On November 1, 1938, a young actor with a voice of doom took to radio's airways with dramatization of an old story—H. G. Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, published forty years earlier. The result was a press agent's dream for Orson Welles and the strangest case of mass hysteria in the history of



NOT LONG AGO Mexico reported that flying saucers had landed there with midgets



ONE MAN told the crowd he had seen the lens loaded for its journey to South Africa



the U. S. People who heard the broadcast listened so fast that they did not hear three announcements stating that the show was pure fiction. Instead, they believed that huge, mechanical men from Mars had invaded New Jersey and were advancing on New York City. From coast to coast, men and women fainted, took poison, clogged police stations and hopelessly snarled telephone systems in frantic search for advice. The Others had come at last! Earthman was ready to believe it.

But for perhaps the best example of our desire to believe that we are not alone, we must go back one hundred and fifteen years to 1835 and to the story of the Moon Hoax. It's the grand-

daddy of 'em all . . . the clincher to the argument that Earthman is terribly anxious to know, affirmatively, that there are people on another planet. This time, it was our own Moon.

New Yorkers who picked up their copy of the *Sun* on August 25th of that year, saw a bold headline:

GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES LATELY MADE BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The news may not have come as any great shock to many. Science was making progress at what seemed an indecent rate even in those days. Most people were beginning to feel that nothing was beyond belief.

But the story that went with the headline was another matter. It was an eye-popper! It told of a new telescope, greater in size than any then in use, which was sufficiently powerful to have "discovered planets in other solar systems," and to obtain "a distinct view of objects on the Moon, fully equal to that which the unaided eye commands of terrestrial objects at a distance of one hundred yards; and has affirmatively settled the question whether this satellite be inhabited — and by what order of beings."

By the time the *Sun* reader hit that, he probably jumped from his chair and ran through the house with the copy

of the paper in his hand. Inhabited! And by what order of beings . . . ! He had to show it to somebody. He had to talk about it. Migawd, he wanted to say, there are *people* on the moon! And, of course, he believed it. There it was in the *Sun*. It was a good and reliable newspaper, although a young one. Why not believe it?

Don't scoff too soon, Mr. 1950! Remember the news stories about the giant telescope at Mt. Palomar? Remember the speculation as to what the huge lens would bring to the knowledge of man? Remember the first pictures taken through it. What did you expect to see? You didn't actually know, did you? If the men of Palomar had said the new telescope had given proof positive of life (say on Mars) would you have doubted them? Probably not. You would have run through the house shouting, Migawd, there are *people* on Mars!

The story ran in the *Sun* for eight days. It was a lulu. The remarks of the first day were actually only introductory. They were the teaser. "Man has stepped beyond the apparently natural boundary of his privileges," said the *Sun*, then went on to explain that it was reprinting the story from the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, a respected publication in its field. The Sir John Herschel who was credited with the amazing discoveries was the son of the (Continued on page 53)

THE SUN.

NEW YORK. TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1835.

GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES, LATELY MADE BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, L.L.D. F.R.S. &c. At the Cape of Good Hope.

[From Supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science.] In this unusual addition to our Journal, we have the happiness of making known to the British public, and thence to the whole civilized world, recent discoveries in Astronomy which will build an imperishable monument to the age in which we live, and confer upon the present generation of the human race proud distinction through all future time. It has been poetically said that the stars of heaven are

THIS IS HOW *The Sun* started the series of moon stories that rocked the whole world

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB GREENHALGH



Could *YOU*

EVERY TWO years there are openings for 435 qualified men and women

This isn't what they tell you in the textbooks, but
it will get you to the House of Representatives faster

By JOE McCAFFREY

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE a salary of \$12,500 a year, plus \$2500 annual expenses and a liberal pension upon retirement?

Are you looking for work that is challenging, guaranteed to test your patience, ability and courage?

Every two years there are 435 such government jobs open: Representative in the Congress of the United States.

Although traditionally every baby born in the United States has the hope of becoming President, his chance of reaching the lesser goal of membership in the House of Representatives is not only much greater but also much more realistic.

There is no need to take a civil



YOU DON'T have to be an attorney, but your chances are a whole lot better if you are one

service examination to qualify, but the tests you must face are a greater stumbling block than any examination a civil service official ever dreamed up.

Since there is no patented formula for winning a seat in the House of Representatives the result is that no two men in any Congress are alike in background, personality, ability or temperament.

Education, or the lack of it, has very little to do with being elected to Congress. In the last Congressional election, for example, the voters of Missouri ranged both ends of the educational scale in choosing their members. They named a former college professor, Richard W. Bolling, and a man who left public school at the age of thirteen to help his family, Leonard Irving.

However, a survey of the last two Congresses proves there are basic ground rules for eligibility. If you can't meet these fundamental requirements, you might as well relax; there is little chance that you will be offered as a sacrifice for the voters of your Congressional district.

Topping the list of ground rules is: Be a Veteran!

With very few exceptions, the 95 new members elected in November 1948 to the 81st Congress were veterans of World War I or World War II.

Oregon Congressman Walter Nor-

go to Congress?



blad, an Air Force veteran who won his seat in a special election in January 1946, believes there is a very sound reason for the influx of ex-GI's into politics.

"In some districts veterans and their families make up more than sixty percent of the eligible voters," explains Norblad. "To these people the last war was real — they have no desire to face another such conflict. Because of this they feel that fellow veterans think as they do, that if they elect them to Congress they will do all they can to fight for peace."

Observers also feel that veterans resent the thought of any man "who had an easy time of it as a civilian" being selected for an important political job once the shooting war ended.

Next on the list is your occupation. If you are an attorney your chances of reaching Congress are much greater.

ILLUSTRATED BY ART CUMMINGS

The entire Kansas delegation in the 81st Congress, for example, is made up of members of the bar.

Of the full membership in the current Congress, more than sixty-five percent were practicing attorneys before being sent to Washington.

Most attorneys not only command prestige in their home towns, but also are their own masters. They find the time necessary for politics, whereas too many businessmen, doctors, white collar workers and others cannot, unfortunately, devote the needed time to serve in civic posts.

The attorney has other advantages. He has been trained in the art of presenting his argument, he knows the value of public appearances and his work brings him contacts with a thorough cross-section of the community which results in votes when he later seeks election.

After all, it's the men and women

in your Congressional district who will make the final decision as to whether or not you will reach that \$12,500 a year goal. Because of this, the more people you meet the better your chances.

The biographical section of the "Congressional Directory," supplied by each individual member, is a catalogue of fraternal and religious organizations. Few men have ever been elected to Congress who did not belong to some such organizations.

One of the most active "joiners," according to his biography, is New York's L. Gary Clemente, who lists the following:

"... has been active in civic affairs in the community of Ozone Park and interested in the entire city civic betterment since 1931; is a member of the following organizations: Reserve Officers Association since 1929; Corp. John Ruoff Post No. 632, American Legion; Queens Borough Lodge of the Elks 878, Morris Park Council No. 566, Knights of Columbus; Nativity Blessed Virgin Post, Catholic War Veterans:



RULE NUMBER ONE IS: Be a Veteran. Voters feel that the vets think as they do



WHEN THE votes were counted he had carried every Polish district in the city

Italian Charities and Welfare League of Queens; former president, Junior League of Italian Center; Board of Directors of the Ferrini Welfare League, former president; Queens County Bar Association; Military Order of the Canary, Military Order of the World Wars; Army-Navy Officers Club, New York City; president of the Parkwood Democratic Club for 7 years; former vice president of the United Executive Democratic Club; board of Directors of the Georgetown University Alumni, N. Y.; past governor Loyal Order of Moose, Richmond Hill Lodge No. 1176; Queens County Criminal Bar Association; Real Estate Brokers Association; Cardinal Hayes Memorial Post No. 296, Catholic War Veterans; Guild of Catholic Lawyers, Police Athletic League; Queens Botanical Gardens Society, charter member; Corp. M. Ferrara Post No. 7, Italian American World War (Continued on page 39)

How you made 3,000,000 Kids Happy



TWO SCOTTISH children skip the ceremonies and get off to a head start with a Tide of Toys steam shovel, while Walter

Alessandroni, Pennsylvania Legion Commander, makes formal presentation at Bridge of Weir Orphan Home near Glasgow



FIRST ITALIAN CHILD to get a toy also gets a kiss from Lexie Latour, grandchild of U.S. Ambassador Dunn

LEGIONNAIRES, like these of California's Memory Post and San Jose Post, acted as collectors and agents for their towns and sent more than three million toys to Europe



A Report from The American Legion to the



ANNE RHODES, of Rochester, N. Y., proudly exhibits letter of thanks and photo from Vienna child who got Anne's toy

Children
Parents
Teachers
Railroads
Newspapers
Steamship lines
Warehousemen
Radio stations
Firemen
Policemen
Truckers
Legionnaires
and others of America
on a job they did together

By ROBERT B. PITKIN



WITHIN A SPACE of four months last winter an idea in the minds of two men grew into an enormous fact that involved millions of Americans in the job of placing toys from America in the hands of grateful little children of Europe.

The American Legion now takes great pleasure in reporting back to America the story of the Tide of Toys of 1950. In terms of speed, scope and unselfish effort it ranks as the greatest job of its kind ever done on a voluntary basis in time of peace.

Here is what happened:

Early last December Drew Pearson, columnist and radio commentator, had lunch in Washington with George N. Craig, National Commander of The American Legion.

Christmas was coming and the two

men remarked that it was the fifth Christmas since the end of War Two. Then they talked of the poor, innocent kids of Europe born during and since the war into a world of violence, wreckage and insecurity—with hunger and fear for bedfellows and bomb pits for playgrounds.

"What a swell thing it would be," they agreed, "if each kid in America would look under his Christmas tree this year and pick out one toy to send to a child in Europe."

That was on December 8th—seventeen days before Christmas. Three days later Drew Pearson went on the air with the story. And three days after that Commander Craig's letter calling Legionnaires into action went out to every one of our more than 17,500 Posts. It asked that immediately

after Christmas the Posts start collecting a Tide of Toys, which would be shipped to "The American Legion, Pier 38 South, Philadelphia, Pa." The Commander said that Paul C. French, Executive Director of CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe), had promised that his private relief agency would handle distribution of the toys in all countries where it functioned. Each Legion Post would pay the freight on the toys it sent. Each child giving a toy would pin to it a personal note addressed to the European child receiving it.

Right into the Christmas mail jam went this first letter, as well as a second one from the Commander a few days later giving instructions for proper packing of the toys. The instructions were provided by Joe Weaver, CARE supervisor at the Mack Warehouse in Philadelphia, which was to handle the expected flood of material. By this time Walter Alessandrini, Legion Department Commander of Pennsylvania, was getting set for his job as Port Director for TOT in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, all over America, Legion Posts went into action, asking their local newspapers, radio stations, and community organizations generally to publicize the drive. Drew Pearson never let the cause of Tide of Toys rest a moment in his columns or broadcasts, and he gave TOT a plug on his frequent appearances on other programs. Bob Montgomery gave the Tide a full fifteen-minute broadcast. Kate Smith plugged it, and so did Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Amos 'n' Andy, Ted Malone and others, with the backing of their networks and sponsors. Warner Brothers gave TOT newsreel coverage. Before a toy had been collected the news and entertainment agencies of America had backed the plan to the hilt.

(Continued on page 47)

CHILDREN of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Marseille, France, cheer the arrival of toys from America



HERE ARE some of the lads of Lokkeberg Boys Home in Oslo, Norway, amazed that such wonderful playthings really exist

memo to the Ladies

They've Taken the Pain Out of Painting . . . By KITTY YORK



A GOOD PLACE for a paint closet is under your cellar stairs

THERE'S NO MYSTERY to painting any more. It's easy now. Even if you've never handled a brush before, you can do all those painting jobs around the house — the chair you've wanted to re-finish, the closet door that has needed touching up, the andirons you've been anxious to blacken — without any trouble at all.

Back in Grandpa's day, painting was a problem. Grandpa practically had to concoct his own paint. He had to blend the oils, the pigments and everything

else himself. Then the quality of the materials was so bad that nobody knew what color he was likely to end up with.

Today, though, you can get a ready-to-use paint for almost any purpose and in almost any color. There are special paints for outdoors and indoors, for metal, concrete, plaster, wood, brick, practically everything. There are paints that put a frosty coating on clear glass, that make a wood grain effect, that give a waxed finish. They're all simple to use. They spread smoothly and dry quickly. Many cover with one coat. Several even come in containers that spray automatically like DDT bombs; they're wonderful for mean jobs like radiators or wicker furniture. If you're bothered by the smell of paint, there are some from which the odor has been removed.

Just ask your dealer for the right kind of paint for the job you have in mind.

After that it will be a cinch. Merely remember the three rules of all good painters: 1. Be sure the surface to be painted is clean and dry. 2. Mix the paint thoroughly. 3. Apply the brush smoothly, using long, even strokes.

Here are a few tips to help you.

Most people in painting a wall or other large upright surface, brush from the top down. Others, however, maintain that by painting from the bottom up you prevent dribbles. Paint rollers

are a big help in covering a large, plain surface. When you're doing furniture, don't let the paint collect inside the corners. It will dry on the surface but it will stay soft underneath.

Scotch tape can be a boon when you're painting window frames. Apply it to the edge of the panes and you won't daub the glass.

For that tricky task — painting the ceiling — there's an easy way to keep the brush from dripping down on you. Slice a soft rubber ball in half. Then cut a slit in one piece and force the handle of your brush through it from the inside. It will form a cup to catch the excess paint.

When you've finished painting, lay the brush flat in a baking tin. Pour in paint remover until it comes half way up the brush and let it sit that way for a few hours. Then turn it over and let the other side soak. Afterwards, wash the brush with plain soap and water and let it dry flat.

Any old bookcase or cabinet will do to hold your painting supplies. However, if space is limited, you might think of building a little paint closet under your cellar stairs, using the stairs themselves for supports. Just choose three steps at an easy height and attach boards about eight inches wide to them. Angle irons or wooden blocks will do. Skip one step then and add an extra wide shelf. This will give you space for the tall bottles and cans. Clamps to hold your brushes upright can be fastened to the wall. A pouch for rags can be hung on one side (but don't keep any paint-smeared ones there as they constitute a very bad fire hazard).

A good paint closet should have several sizes of brushes and a can of brush cleaner. It ought to have some putty and a putty knife for preparing surfaces. Steel wool, a wire brush and several grades of sandpaper are essentials. Turpentine, shellac, denatured alcohol and linseed oil are necessary. A pound or so of whiting is useful, too. Keep it in a glass jar. A few old sticks and some empty coffee cans should also be hoarded for mixing paints.

If you have a problem that your dealer cannot solve, write for free information to the following paint companies:

Murphy Paints Division, Interchemical Corp., Publicity Dept. AL, 67 W. 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

National Lead Co., AL Dept., 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Keystone Varnish and Paint Co., AL Dept., 71 Otsego Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sapolin Paints Inc., AL Dept., 229 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Paint Division AL, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

The Martin Senour Co., Sherwin-Williams Paint Div. AL, 2520 Quarry St., Chicago, Illinois.

Colorizer Associates Inc., AL Dept., 345 North Western Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

LEGION VOTES \$25,000 TO SPARK NATIONAL FIGHT ON MENTAL ILLS

Governing Body Provides Funds for First Organized Drive To Study and Stem the Ravages of Mental Diseases; Cites Precedent in Vitalizing Heart, Rheumatic Fever Research

The American Legion has provided funds to stimulate a long-range campaign intended to win mastery for humanity over the greatest remaining health threat — mental illness. The Legion's National Executive Committee at its May meeting appropriated \$25,000 to back the campaign, and actual expenditures await only the development of final plans of the nation-wide program.

The first half of the twentieth century has been marked by the medical conquest of many of mankind's most dreaded physical ills, particularly in the field of communicable diseases. Now, if The American Legion has its way about it, the second half of the century will witness the same sort of victory over mental and nervous ailments.

Volunteer Movement

The \$25,000 appropriated by the National Executive Committee is not to be used in a Legion-directed movement, but instead is to help meet the expenses of an independent, volunteer movement in the field of mental health. National Commander George N. Craig likens this move to a similar contribution which was made for heart disease and rheumatic fever just four years ago. At that time, even though diseases of the heart and circulatory system were and continue to be the principal cause of death, there was no nation-wide effort to curtail the untimely deaths and disabilities resulting from heart afflictions.

It was The American Legion and American Legion Auxiliary with their joint gift of \$50,000 which actually launched the present program of the American Heart Association. As a result of the impetus given by the Legion, research projects, educational activities, and other services for the prevention of heart disease are coming to be supported by contributions from the general public at a level at least comparable with the support given to other national volunteer health organizations.

From the standpoint of number affected, mental disease is the greatest remaining health problem. Dr. Leonard G. Rowntree, Chairman of the Legion's Medical Advisory Board, points out that 50 per cent of all hospital beds are now occupied by mental patients, and that there is an additional person on the outside waiting to occupy every bed in mental institutions as soon as it is vacated.

National Commander Craig feels that the time is now ripe to launch a frontal attack on this nation-wide problem. Although scare statistics are available in plenty, Commander Craig and others interested in the formation of this new movement want to see the main emphasis laid on prevention and the hopeful side. Even though medical science will readily admit that there are still wide gaps in knowledge of causes and treatment of mental illness, psychiatry has made important advances in recent years.

Majority Can Be Helped

Present experience is that at least two-thirds of the persons needing psychiatric care can be aided to the extent that permanent institutionalization will not be required provided they receive expert attention within the first year after the onset of mental or nervous disorder. This figure compares with the actual record in some state mental hospitals where a discharge rate as low as 10 per cent is not uncommon.

COLORADO MAKES RECORD MEMBERSHIP FOR 1950

Of the 58 Departments of the Legion organization, Colorado alone has broken its 32-year record for membership enrollment. On June 22nd the Colorado Legion had 30,437 members paid-up at National Headquarters, against a quota of 30,400, or 100.12 percent of quota.

The percentage of quota record goes to Italy in the over-all organization, with 2,105 members and a percentage of 175.41. North Dakota, the early leader in the membership race, still holds top position on a percentage basis, with 24,228 members against a quota of 15,180 — a record of 159.60 percent. In alphabetical order other 1950 quota-busters are Alaska, Arizona, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Mexico, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Philippine Islands, South Dakota, Vermont and Wyoming.

Others almost ready to take top rank are Pennsylvania, with an enrollment of 261,885 against a quota of 290,718. The Keystoneers have made 90.08 percent of the assigned quota. Tennessee has reported 93.63 percent; Nevada, 92.35; Wisconsin, 91.06, and New Mexico, 91.

However, improved care in mental hospitals is only one phase of the nation-wide movement which the Legion hopes to see get under way within the next few months. Through modern methods of mass education, people now recognize the early symptoms of many serious physical disorders and know the necessity of getting prompt medical help. It is hoped that people can become just as well informed on the early symptoms of mental illness and will learn to seek professional help before disorders have advanced to the chronic or incurable state.

At the same time, a great deal can be accomplished in the field of prevention through child guidance and adult mental hygiene clinics and through general education of the public in mental health principles. Parents offer one of the most hopeful fields for work in this field. Experts agree that a great many and perhaps a majority of mental ills might be avoided if parents could be better schooled in child development and child care.

Legion Recommendations

Authorization of \$25,000 to spark this movement came on the recommendation of the Medical Advisory Board, the National Rehabilitation Commission, and the National Child Welfare Commission. The Rehabilitation Commission during and since World War II has had first hand experience with the accomplishments of modern psychiatry and wants to see the best in mental health practices extended to all people.

The Child Welfare Commission has also long recognized the need for much more attention to parent-education and child guidance. During the past winter five Area Child Welfare Conferences conducted an inquiry into what appeared to be a wave of sex crimes against children. After dispassionate and objective study, the Child Welfare Commission agreed that if we were to prevent such abnormal behavior, our greatest hope lay in intensive research in mental illness and in public education in sound mental health practices.

Broad Program Envisioned

The program envisioned by the Legion is that of a volunteer movement, similar to the Tuberculosis Association, the Heart Association, and others, with a many-sided program, including: improvement of public mental institutions; more out-patient care and preventive treatment through clinics; training of additional professional personnel; parent education; changing the public attitude toward mental illness; and improvement of commitment laws.

Post-Convention Trips To Hawaiian Islands Will Climax Los Angeles National Conclave

Special 23-Day Tour Offered For Legionnaires and Families To Pacific Paradise

Always wanted to see Hawaii, haven't you? Or, if once a visitor, you want to go back? Here is another chance for Legionnaires, their families and friends.

Arrangements have been made by the National Headquarters of the Legion with the American Express Travel Service for special post-Convention trips to Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands immediately following the adjournment of the National meet at Los Angeles. A substantial block of space has been signed up on the luxurious Matson flagship, the *SS. Lurline*, to accommodate the post-Convention tourists. The *Lurline* will sail from Los Angeles in the afternoon of October 13th.

A main tour of 23 days has been planned, covering Honolulu and the Island of Oahu, with reservations at the Royal Hawaiian and Moana hotels on world-famous Waikiki Beach. Extension trips will be provided to all the neighboring islands that go to make up the glamorous group which, in all probability, will soon be our 49th State.

For those who cannot take time for the full tour, arrangements have been made for the return trip by air, leaving Honolulu on October 27. The rates fixed

for the tour and extensions vary according to the type of accommodation selected on steamship and ashore, but in general run from about \$450 to approximately \$700. Reservations are limited to the space allocated by the *Lurline*—first applicants, of course, will get the pick.

The tour is scheduled to cover Honolulu during Aloha Week, October 22 to 29—that city's gala and most colorful pageant of ancient Hawaii. What the Mardi Gras is to New Orleans, Aloha Week is to Honolulu—a gay and glamorous revival of the Makahiki carnival of old Polynesia.

Then, to some thousands of Legionnaires who did their war in the Pacific area, the *Lurline* itself will have a nostalgic appeal—that gallant craft, converted into a transport, poked its nose into nearly every port in the active war theatre in the broad Pacific. But now restored to its pre-war splendor, the *GI* will look in vain for his name carved on the teakwood deck rails.

Handsome brochures outlining the tours and explaining the price ranges have been prepared, and can be secured from offices of the American Express Company. For those not in close touch with such an office for information or reservations, write American Express Travel Service, 65 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WATSON MILLER RETURNS TO LEGION SPECIAL SERVICE

Watson B. Miller, who served as Director of The American Legion's Rehabilitation service from 1923 to 1941, has resigned as United States Commissioner of Immigration and, effective July 1st, returned to the service of the Legion as Special Representative of the National Commander. He will be located at the Washington branch of the National Headquarters.

After 18 years as Rehabilitation Director, during which time he became one of the foremost authorities on veteran matters, Legionnaire Miller resigned to become Assistant Administrator of the Federal Security Agency under Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt, and upon resignation of his chief was appointed Administrator. He served in this position until 1947, when he was appointed Commissioner of the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. He is a Past Department Commander of D. C., and Past National Vice Commander.

Under a resolution adopted at the May, 1950, meeting of the National Executive Committee his duties in his new Legion job will be as a special representative for establishing contacts with the various Governmental agencies, and to act in an advisory capacity to the National Commander.

VETS GET PREFERENCE IN CHICAGO SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Fulfilling a campaign pledge, veterans rate high in service in the office of Elmer Michael Walsh, Sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, which embraces the city of Chicago. Though at times Sheriff Walsh's selection of veterans has embarrassed his political rating, his insistence on employing former service men and women has won high acclaim not only from the veterans' groups in his bailiwick, but from the citizens at large.

Sheriff Walsh himself is a veteran of both World Wars. He went into the first one a private and came out the same way, but he learned a lot while he was in. He did better in WW2—he came out a colonel—and he had more practical experience in dealing with men and problems.

From the angle of employment, the Sheriff's department is the largest in Illinois except the State Government. In his campaign, Candidate Walsh learned still more, and determined to build his staff from ex-service personnel insofar as possible, including the disabled, without sacrificing efficiency.

As a result of this policy something more than 30 percent of the more than 700 employees are war veterans. Of the County Highway Police force, upon whom falls the responsibility of main-

taining law and order in an area of hundreds of square miles, 65 percent is made up of former service men. Several of these, doing excellent work at desks or radio controls, are amputees.

"No body of men in the nation is more deeply concerned with imparting the spirit of true Americanism and good citizenship to our younger people than The American Legion," Sheriff Walsh told a group of veterans who had volunteered as adult community leaders in the Junior Deputy Sheriff's program. "I know that no greater help possibly could be given you than by you veterans. You not only stand for the high principles we are seeking to pass on to our boys, but you have fought to preserve them in our country's wars."

BAR ASSOCIATION DEFENDS SCHOOL TRIAL EXAMINER

In a house-cleaning operation, eight instructors in the Brooklyn, New York, schools were suspended for conduct unbecoming a teacher when they refused to answer questions about past or present communist party affiliations asked by School Superintendent William Jansen. All of the teachers are officers or members of the Teachers Union which was kicked out of the CIO for being communist dominated.

When Theodore W. Kiendl, long a member of the Brooklyn bar, was named as trial examiner to hear the case against the eight, he was attacked as "anti-Semitic." Other assaults designed to impugn his integrity, in line with the tactics described by National Commander George N. Craig in his article, "Terror by Law," in the July number were employed. The Bar Association of Brooklyn was quick to come to the defense of Mr. Kiendl. In a statement issued by President Julius Applebaum, the Association's Board of Trustees declared that "in the American tradition, such trial must be fair and orderly, and any attempt to disrupt such hearing by smear tactics tends to defeat justice and is to be deplored and condemned. . . Mr. Kiendl is a lawyer of unusual ability and broad experience. Anti-Semitism or any form of bigotry is foreign to his mind and character."

Massachusetts Legion Academy

June, the month of graduations, was observed by The American Legion Academy of the Department of Massachusetts, when 307 Legionnaires, representing 125 Posts in the 10 Districts were given Certificates of Award, after completing the full course.

The first exercise was held by Suffolk County Council on June 22 at the headquarters of Newspaper Men's Post, Boston, when 41 certificates were handed out. Other ceremonies were held at Haverhill, West Quincy, Indian Orchard, Brockton, Rutland and Colrain. The Academy is designed to orient the newer members in procedures, problems and activities at the Post level. The school is under the direction of Department Historian John P. Sullivan.

Hearings On UMA Resumed; House Overrides Truman Veto of Postal War Service Credit

Citizens Committee Takes Time To Belittle Legion Opposition To Medical Bill

By Miles D. Kennedy
National Legislative Director

Following a temporary suspension of hearings on H.R. 5182, the House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments resumed consideration of this bill in late June. National Commander George N. Craig, Doctors Charles W. Mayo and Leonard G. Rowntree, and others testified in behalf of The American Legion in opposition to the bill on March 29, 1950.

Dr. Charles Walter Clark, Executive Director of the American Social Hygiene Association, was the first witness to testify at the renewal hearing. Speaking in behalf of the Association, he opposed the passage of H.R. 5182 on the premise that:

(1) "We question that it is desirable to separate medical services from the other interests and activities of and for special groups such as those in the Armed Forces and those served by the Veterans' Administration, and

(2) "Creation of a proposed United Medical Administration would cause the disruption of the present reasonably well functioning organization for public health and medical care within the Federal Government."

Ewing Opposes Plan

Earlier, Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, while testifying on other reorganization plans, said: "My other point is that the proposal of a United Medical Administration ought not, on its merits, to be accepted."

Appearing in support of UMA, however, was Robert L. L. McCormick, Research Director of the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report. Five of the fifteen pages of his prepared statement were devoted to belittling or discounting the testimony offered by The American Legion's witnesses on March 29.

McCormick, speaking on the testimony of National Commander Craig, stated: "Under this bill, the veteran medical program, naturally, remains intact." This sounds like double talk, however, when a statement he made in another breath is considered: "VA hospitals reduce the income of community hospitals by taking away a large class of patients — about fourteen per cent of the community population — many of whom would normally come to them." This is but one example of the manner in which UMA proponents try to becloud the issue.

McCormick pointed to the fears for the future of the veterans' medical pro-

gram, as expressed by Drs. Mayo and Rowntree, and tried to slide over the objections raised, by discussing organization as against policy. In his statement, McCormick said the Citizens Committee had prepared amendments to the bill which should meet the Legion's objections. This, in itself, is proof of the soundness of The American Legion's opposition. This point was emphasized by Chairman Dawson, when he directed somewhat critical remarks to McCormick for the light manner in which the latter referred to the testimony of the Legion's representatives.

The Citizen's Committee received permission to bring some of their "big brass" and members of the Hoover Task Force before the House Committee to further pressure for UMA.

The Senate Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments commenced hearings early in July on S. 2008, which is the companion measure to H.R. 5182. Representatives of The American Legion appeared in opposition to this bill.

We must not be lulled into a false sense of security; we must continue on guard in defense of the veterans' medical program which The American Legion had such a great part in developing over the past thirty years.

Military Service Credit

On April 8, 1950, the House passed H.R. 87, a bill having for its purpose the promotion of World War II veterans in the Field Service of the Post Office Department. Promotion credit would be given on the basis of years of service in the Armed Forces, and would affect approximately 100,000 veterans who were

first employed by the Department after their release from active duty. The average salary increase would be about \$200 per year.

The Senate passed this bill on June 8th and it was then sent to the President who vetoed it on June 23rd. The House considered the veto on June 26th, and overrode it by a record vote of 213 to 72 — much greater than the two-thirds which is necessary in both Houses of Congress.

As we go to press it is impossible to predict the Senate action when the veto is considered by that body. Your Legislative Commission has done everything possible to have the matter brought out and favorably considered on the floor of the Senate. We contacted every Senator, and requested all of the continental departments to lend support to the end that the veto might be overridden in the Senate.

The American Legion supported this measure on the basis of Resolutions 305, San Francisco, 1946, and 714, New York, 1947.

Alien Enlistments in Army

The Senate and the House agreed to compromise on S. 2269, a bill to authorize enlistment of selected aliens in the Regular Army. The Secretary of the Army, with the approval of the Secretary of State, may accept up to 2500 such enlistments.

The real purpose of this bill is to enable the Army to utilize services of carefully selected men from abroad who, by education and general knowledge, are in a position to give valuable aid in the study of terrain, languages, and other subjects of military value, which apply to the far reaches of the world.

Enlistees must be unmarried, have no dependents and be between the ages of 18 and 35. Enlistments are limited to a minimum of five years. As a bonus for loyal and faithful service, these aliens would, following honorable discharge and five years of service, be eligible for U. S. citizenship.

The enlistment authority under this bill would terminate on June 30, 1953.

The Department of Defense and the Secretary of the Army made strong pleas for this legislation. It is our opinion that the President will approve the bill.

Draft Extension

The impact of the Korean situation brought quick end to Senate and House conferees' disagreements on the provisions of the draft extension bill, H.R. 6826. As reported in the July issue of this magazine, the House had passed a draft bill merely to maintain the Selective Service machinery and thus have it in readiness in the event of a national emergency. Senate and House conferees had almost reached an impasse at the time the Korean situation broke and had, by joint resolution, extended the 1948 draft law for 15 days, or to July 9, 1950.

On June 27 the House passed H.R. 6826, with amendments, by a record vote of 315 to 4. The amendments agreed to provide a one-year extension to July

(Continued on page 33)

VOLUNTEER TRAINING PLAN OFFERED TO THE CONGRESS

Bills were introduced in both the House and Senate on June 30 embracing a defense plan known as the "Volunteer Instructee Program of 1950." The purpose of these bills is to strengthen the civilian components of the Armed Forces and to provide a volunteer instructee program for national security through the medium of summer training camps operated under civilian control.

The American Legion strongly supports the program which, for brevity, is known as "VIP."

The plan provides that young men between the ages of 17 and 21 may, upon their own application and at Government expense, but without military status, be received and given basic military training. The overall purpose is to create a pool of trained manpower to answer in any national emergency.



Rising in gleaming white marble splendor on Detroit's historic old river front, with the tall buildings of the city's busy mid-town section as a backdrop, the new Veterans' Memorial Hall stands in "Honored Memory To Those Who Gave Their Lives For Their Country." Built at a cost of more than \$5,700,000, the formal dedication on June 11th climaxed a dream and planning spanning more than 29 years.

It was in 1921 that the people of Detroit approved a bond issue of \$5,000,000 to erect a memorial in honor of its service men of the Spanish-American and First World Wars—but obstacles and vicissitudes arose to prevent immediate construction. Then a long business depression intervened, another World War, and a shortage of materials. It was not until 1948 that the actual building got under way.

Gen. Devers Speaks

The formal dedicatory ceremonies was preceded by an hour-long parade of Detroit's veteran and civic organizations, with a long section of marching veterans and musical units of the Canadian Legion. Mayor Alfred E. Cobo, speaking for the entire city, presented the building to the Memorial Hall Commission, and President J. E. Frawley accepted the charge for the Commission. The dedicatory address was delivered by General Jacob L. Devers, retired, a veteran of both World Wars, and who developed and trained a major part of the Army's armored forces for World War 2. The prayer of consecration was made by Colonel Gustave A. Schellhase, Chaplain of the 46th Infantry Division.

It was particularly appropriate that the first group to make use of the building was the Gold Star Mothers of America. The national convention of this organization convened in the building

two days before the dedication and adjourned its sessions to participate in the ceremonies. Mrs. Eleanor D. Boyd, National President of the Gold Star Mothers of America delivered a stirring message.

On a site composed of two city blocks, the Memorial Hall—one of the very finest in all our country—provides 10 stories of facilities for various kinds of veterans' and civic activities. It will house the Department Headquarters of the Legion of Michigan, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Amvets, various auxiliaries and other organizations allied with the veterans and patriotic groups. Splendidly finished and efficiently planned, a number of auditoriums are provided for meetings of various sizes.

On the second floor is a plaque bearing the names of the nearly 8,000 Detroit men and women who gave their lives for their country in the three wars. Each name is cast individually in enduring bronze.

First Unit of Civic Center

The Veterans' Memorial Building is the first completed structure, and the central unit, in a long-range plan of constructing a Detroit Civic Center. This center will include a Civic Auditorium or Music Hall with a seating capacity of 3,500, and a Convention Hall capable of holding the largest automobile show and provide a seating capacity for 20,000. The new \$15,000,000 City-County Building will also be a part of the Civic Center.

Beautifully designed and monumental in its lines, the Veterans' Memorial Building was planned for service as a practical, living memorial. Air-conditioned throughout, the basement floor has a public cafeteria, with a fully-equipped heavy duty kitchen and bakery. On the first floor is the banquet hall

with a seating capacity of 300 for banquets and up to 600 for meetings and dances, and a Grand Ball Room with a capacity of 600 for banquets and 1,200 for meetings and dancing.

Three lounge rooms and building offices share the second floor with the long bronze roll of Detroit's service dead in three wars. The third and fourth floors will house the various veterans organizations and welfare agencies, and on the fifth, sixth and seventh floors are 21 meeting rooms ranging in seating capacity from 15 to 250, six of which will have service kitchens adjoining. On the eighth floor are three meeting rooms and a cocktail lounge and restaurant which will be open to the public.

Waldrip on Commission

The building will be administered by the Memorial Hall Commission, under which it was planned and constructed. Representing the Legion on this Commission is W. B. Waldrip, Past Department Commander, Past National Executive Committeeman, and long active in the organization's Department and National affairs.

Post Honors 30-Year Members

Clyde Gustine Post No. 236, Excelsior Springs, Missouri, threw a big party to celebrate its 30th anniversary. Forty-seven charter members were present and received their 30-year cards. Emphasis was placed on service at the meeting—service to veterans, and to the community, state and nation, with Willis Shirley, Service Officer for Western District of Missouri, and Steve Slaughter as guest speakers.

At the meeting it was announced that 505 members had been enrolled for 1950, of which Commander Ray Vance had signed up 250.

DRAFT EXTENSION

(Continued from page 31)

9, 1951. It also authorizes the President to induct men when needed, and to call up the National Guard and Reserves for 21 months' service. The only restriction imposed upon the President appears to be that the 1948 manpower strength of 2,005,882 may not be exceeded.

The following day the Senate approved the bill by a 76-0 vote, and sent it to the White House for signature. The bill is now known as The Selective Service Extension Act of 1950. It was signed by the President on June 30th.

WW2 VETS GET EXTENSION IN PULMONARY TB CASES

Veterans of WW2 who develop pulmonary tuberculosis within three years from date of discharge are granted new presumptions of service-connection for purposes of compensation, hospitalization and medical treatment under the terms of Public Law 573, approved by the President on June 23rd.

Previous law provided a presumptive period of one year generally for chronic diseases, with additional presumptions running up to two years for varying stages of tuberculosis.

Presumption of service connection means that, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, a disease which becomes manifest within the specified period to the extent that it is at least 10 percent disabling is presumed to have had its origin while the veteran was in service.

WW1 vets were granted a presumptive period for tuberculosis which extended up to January 1, 1925. The purpose of the new law is to provide a comparable presumptive period for WW2 veterans.

VA has announced that it is drafting regulations to administer the new law for WW2 vets.

ANDREW McARDLE, MASS. LEGION COMMANDER, DEAD

Andrew P. McArdle, Department Commander of the Massachusetts American Legion, died at his home in East Boston in early June after an illness of many months. He was the first Bay State Commander to die in office.

Commander McArdle had a long record of Legion service and at the time of his death, in addition to commanding the Department, he was also serving as Alternate National Executive Committeeman.

Edward F. Convery, of Malden, was selected as his successor by the Department Executive Committee at a special meeting held on June 10, and District Commander H. Perry Chandler was moved up to Department Vice Commander to succeed Convery. Elections for the regular 1950-51 terms will be made at the Department Convention at Cambridge on August 17-19.

TRADING POST IN ALABAMA HAS MILLION \$ BUSINESS

Started in a small way to raise money to pay for a club home, the Trading Post of Florence (Alabama) Post No. 11 has in twelve years grown into a million dollar business. Dealing in livestock, the operations have spread out into a tri-State trading concern, serving parts of Tennessee and Mississippi as well as Northern Alabama. This livestock market has proved a tremendous boon to stock raisers throughout the area.

On April 7, 1939, the Post Executive Committee borrowed \$850 to apply on the establishment of a public livestock auction or trading post. The Post had just bought a \$45,000 home and money was needed—the idea clicked and the Legion's "baby" mushroomed until it is the heart of one of the largest of Tennessee Valley's largest and most important industries. Though established solely for the farmers of Lauderdale County, the Florence Trading Post has stabilized prices throughout the area for all classes of livestock. Cattle and hogs bought elsewhere in trading markets are often brought to the Trading Post for resale because of the high market prices established.

Stimulates Stock Raising

More land has been put into pasture, planting of winter crops has increased, soil conservation programs have been carried on, and there has been a huge increase in livestock production in Lauderdale County since the Trading Post began business. In the County today are five or six hundred purebred bulls besides several thousand purebred cows. Twelve years ago there were none.

The business is managed by a Legion Trading Post Committee of five members: J. M. Massey, Chairman; S. B. Howard, Secretary; O. W. Duke, Executive Chairman; Floyd Threet and Glen Murphy. It is supervised by H. L. Wesson, P. L. King and Dewey Mitchell, who share in profits from the sales.

Approximately 33,000 head of livestock are sold each year. Sales average around \$100,000 per month, and for the year ending June 30, 1949, the gross sales amounted to \$1,493,670.35.

The Trading Post acts solely as an agent for the livestock seller with a commission charge which figures out to be less than two percent, gross. This commission has never been raised, although overhead has doubled. During the past year the physical plant has been rebuilt at a cost of approximately \$25,000 to Florence Post. Up until this rebuilding project was begun, the Legion Post had used most of the profits for community welfare.

Through the operation of the Trading Post, Florence Post is on a sound financial basis. Although over a million dollars passes through the operation each year, only part of the revenue is available for Legion use. It does more than care for rehabilitation and welfare work. It has established a cattle and hog market for three States to the benefit of both the farmers and business men.

300,000 VETS NOTIFIED OF NSLI DIVIDEND SNARLS

Something more than 300,000 card notices have gone out from Veterans Administration notifying WW2 vets that NSLI dividend checks will be delayed until kinks and snarls are ironed out by further checking. Some of the causes of delay are not directly traceable to errors on the part of the veterans, but are caused by duplications, changes of status, dropped and renewed policies, and a dozen other causes.

But—VA also announces that it is holding 50,000 checks worth more than a million dollars which have been returned because of insufficient addresses. Also, there are about 10,000 acknowledgement cards returned because of inadequate or insufficient addresses.

WW2 vets who are due a check from the NSLI dividend, who have not had a card explaining cause of delay, should write E. G. Joseph, Director, Special Insurance Projects Service, Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C., giving full and complete identifying information as to person (serial number, outfit, etc.) and policy number.

Commander Dies At First Meeting

Robert Richard Smith, Commander of Fort Cralo Post, The American Legion, Rensselaer, New York, died suddenly on the evening of June 20th while he was presiding at the first Post meeting after his installation. Commander Smith, aged 42, was a veteran of the Second World War.

Builds Home for Vet's Widow

El Segundo (California) Post No. 38 recently completed a home for the widow of a veteran who died after an attack of polio. Los Angeles papers publicized this fine service, resulting in a high-spot example of unselfish service. R. V. Holcomb, cabinet-maker of Chino Post No. 299, WW1 vet and himself a polio victim, wrote that he would make the cabinets free of charge at his home, or would build them on the premises if provided transportation. He is on crutches, but carries on his cabinet work successfully.

KANSAS HAS CANDIDATE FOR TOP MEMBER RATING

This from Irvin L. (Click) Cowger, Department Adjutant of Kansas:

"Department Adjutant Jess Bullard, South Carolina, has a record Post Commander who has signed up 41 of the 48 members of his Post. (*American Legion Magazine*, July, 1950). Kansas can beat it, percentage-wise at least. W. T. Burton, Milan, Kansas, organized the Post in his town and personally signed up each one of the 36 members. Totally disabled veteran, service-connected, Legionnaire Burton is a worker on any and all Legion programs. He is directing a Building Fund program and has personally sold 200 tickets.

A handsome silk United States flag was the first decoration offered for the new Savannah, Georgia, City Police Court, presented by Chatham Post No. 36. Formal presentation was made by Past Commander W. L. Kilroy . . . Kings Mountain Post No. 24, Johnson City, Tennessee honored its 30 Past Commanders with a banquet. Past Department Commander Donald McSween, guest speaker, told the Post: "Honoring your past leaders, as you are doing, is fulfilling that part of our preamble in its promise to sanctify our comradeship." . . . Bridgeville (Pennsylvania) Post No. 54 has placed six safety signs, "Drive Carefully, Protect Our Children," on six roads leading into its home city.

The Clarence Lewis family, Topeka, Kansas, is an all-vet family—father, mother and three sons were all in service in WW2, serving in the Air Force, Navy, Marines and WACs. All are members of Capitol Post No. 1, Topeka . . . Kinkead-Martin Post No. 583, Rippey, Iowa, put the finishing touches on its new home last fall. Next, the Post organized an Auxiliary Unit with 30 members. Herman Lambert is Post Commander, and Mrs. Herman Lambert is Auxiliary President . . . Johnson County Post No. 117, Paintsville, Kentucky, has subscribed for two copies of *The American Legion Magazine* for each high school in its area—part of its practical Americanism program.

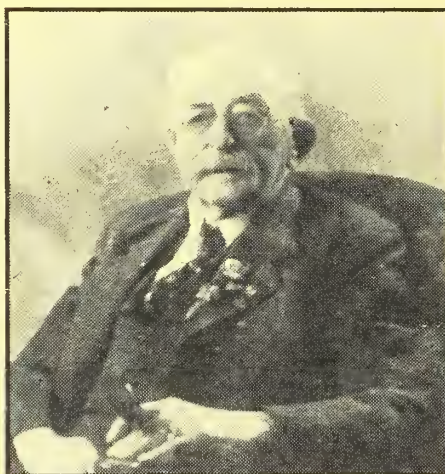
The American Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units of Atlantic County, New Jersey, combined on May 19th to honor the memory of the late Very Rev. Mortimer A. Sullivan, O.S.A., WW1 Chaplain, and Past Chaplain of Atlantic City Post No. 2, the Atlantic County Executive Committee and the Department of New Jersey. A monstrance, altar vessel, was presented and dedicated to the memory of Father Sullivan . . . Clarence R. Gordon, 100 West 13th Ave., Denver, Colorado—an old China hand—has continued the wartime "CBI Roundup" as the "Ex-CBI Roundup," a reminiscing picture magazine for China-Burma-India veterans . . . Federal Judge Harold R. Medina, who presided at last year's trial of the 11 top U. S. Communists, was recently honored by the Passaic County (New Jersey) American Legion by presentation of an engrossed citation "in grateful recognition of your conspicuous accomplishments in the perpetuation of the profound principles of American democracy."

With an unbroken record since 1919, Legionnaire Peter Pavilenti, Armington, Montana, ranks as one of the oldest of the Legion's Sergeants at Arms and color bearers. His jobs pile up, in 1942 he was Sergeant at Arms for five Legion units, but now he has only two units—Great Falls Post No. 3 and the District, which he has served for 20 years . . . In the early

spring of 1950, John F. Murphy, Jr., Lawrence, Massachusetts, entered the Legion oratorical contest—his first speaking experience. He won the county contest, but lost by a single point in the finals in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Not discouraged, he took 2d place in the Massachusetts State high school contest in a field of 163, then closed the season by taking 2d place in the New England competition at Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

Wilshire Post No. 319, Los Angeles, California, established a Go-to-Church program two years ago when it decided to hold annual memorial services in a church of different faith or denomination each year. 1948 special services were held in a Catholic Church; 1949, Presbyterian, and 1950 to the new Jewish Temple Israel in Hollywood . . . Anna Elizabeth Thomas, student at Booker T.

LEGIONNAIRE MILLIGAN REACHES 99th BIRTHDAY



Born July 31, 1851, Dr. John D. Milligan, six-star member of East Liberty Post No. 5, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has reached his 99th birthday and—until further returns are received—can be called the oldest member of The American Legion. He is at present a patient in Aspinwall VA Hospital, near Pittsburgh, and while his health is far from good, he bids fair to round out the full century.

In active practice since 1876 at Madison, Greensburg and Pittsburgh, he has had a long and successful career. He was one of the first medical men to reach Johnstown, Pennsylvania, after the disastrous flood in 1889, and worked there three weeks by the side of Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross.

Enrolling for service in the Spanish-American War, he was not called to duty—the war was over too soon. In November, 1915, he was commissioned in the Medical Corps and in 1917 was promoted to Major and stationed at Camp Custer, Michigan. Later he was transferred to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he was chief of surgery.

Washington High School, Atlanta, Georgia, was named as winner of the city-wide essay contest sponsored by Atlanta Post No. 1. Students from 14 Atlanta high schools, white and Negro, participated . . . Last December while installing a television on a house roof, young Legionnaire Jacob Symans, West Medway, Massachusetts, saw two children fall into a fast-moving stream. Tumbling off the roof he plunged into the icy water, rescued the children and directed first-aid. He was awarded a Legion Hero Medal by his Post, which his father Adjutant Samuel Symans, proudly pinned on his Legion uniform at ceremonies held in Medway Post No. 367. The father, who is Post Adjutant, and three sons are members of the same Post.

Forty-six Long Island, N. Y., Posts of The American Legion sponsored a two-day stand of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus at Westbury—the first appearance of a major circus on Long Island. The show was given for the benefit of the fund for disabled veterans . . . Police Post No. 460, New York City, presented the Police Department with three iceless oxygen tents for emergency use . . . Legionnaire Simon Molyker, Syracuse (New York) Post No. 41, placed wreaths in the name of his Post at the American Cemetery at Margraten, Holland, on Memorial Days, 1948 and 1949. Ill health prevented the 1950 trip, but he is planning to make a 1951 pilgrimage.

What six years ago was the Spring Valley, New York, public dump has been converted into a handsome 28-acre park—dedicated as a living memorial to Spring Valley men who died in wars. Project was sparked by Mayor Anthony Milewski, long active in Legion affairs . . . Coffeyville (Kansas) Post No. 20 purchased 225 new American flags for street display on holidays and other occasions. These flags were bought for the city to replace the ones bought in 1935, now worn out . . . As a joint program of the Legion and VFW, the 115 cemeteries of Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, in which veterans are buried are to be surveyed, each grave of a veteran located, and arrangements made for proper care. The county has been divided into 12 cemetery districts, each district to be under the sponsorship of a designated Post. The 11 Legion Posts are especially concerned with seeking out unmarked graves and to secure Government headstones for them.

Echoes of the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 were heard in the U. S. Court of Claims, Washington, D. C., in late May when Edward F. Braunschweiger, San Francisco—long-time Legionnaire and Past Commander of Okinawa Post—presented a claim amounting to \$104,800 for losses suffered by his grandfather. His case is based on the asserted failure of German insurance companies to pay on policies held by property owners at the time of the fire 44 years ago . . .

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

2nd Engineers Special Brigade—Urgently need to hear from men who served in SWPA, 1944, with Capt. (later Col.) Arthur H. Barrett, (Barry), now deceased, relative to his sickness. Widow and sons need statements. Write Lydia K. Barrett, P. O. Box 191, Ronkonkoma, New York.

Naval Training Station, Bainbridge, Md.—Will anyone at this station in December, 1944, and January, 1945, who remembers Johnnie Epps, (Negro), and remembers him being hospitalized at that time for pneumonia, please write E. Oscar Smith, County Service Officer, P. O. Box 788, Bradenton, Fla.

144th Special Bn., Camp Perry, Va.—Important that I locate someone in this outfit, present on May 14, 1943, or the Lt. medical officer. Write Clyde A. (Tex) DeSpain, Bldg. 64, VA Hospital, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

U. S. Navy, Norfolk, Va.—Sailors who were in a draft from Phila. to Norfolk in June, 1944, who were one hour, twenty-five minutes late, and got ten days in the brig, please get in touch with me. Statements needed. John Pedone, 27 Chilmark St., Worcester, Mass.

U.S.S. C. W. Morris (WW1)—Urgently need to locate H. S. Duncan, F2/c, at Receiving Station, Brooklyn Navy Yard, through September-November, 1918, who was with Levi Andry when he fell from jackstay while scrubbing and painting on *Morris*. Statement needed for claim. Write Levi Andry, Vallene, Ind., or L. A. Thomas, Service Officer, Paoli, Ind.

3rd Air Force—Urgently need present addresses of Major Verree Mason, Executive Officer, Sqdrn. S, MacDill Field; Major Maurice McKeon, TJA III Bomber Command, MacDill Field, and Capt. Joseph Holmes, Exec., Sqdrn. O, GAAB, Greenville, S. C., in late 1944. Write Bob Butler, 56 Steele Ave., Gloversville, N. Y.

Ft. Slocum, N. Y., Hospital Corps. (WW1)—Urgently need to contact members, especially dental corpsman who marched off Ft. Slocum boat and shouted "Bandman Sporn, you've got a fracture." Returning from Mexican Border service. Help needed. Write F. J. Sporn, 21 Allen St., Passaic, N. J.

Battery E, 313th FA, Camp Lee, Va. (WW1)—Will anyone who remembers Forest H. Hall, or recalls that he fainted while drilling (February-March, 1918) please write his widow. Help needed to obtain pension. Mrs. Florence H. Hall, Box 665, Delsea Drive, Vineland, N. J.

Patsu 8-1 and 8-2, Alameda, Cal.—Need to contact S2/c Eddie Hively, MM2/c Ted Garrett, MM3/c Thomas Mahoney; will anyone who knows their present address please write. Statements needed. James E. Baker, RD2, Romulus, N. Y.

18th Engineers (France) and 12th Cavalry, Hachita, N. M. (WW1)—Need statements to prove service connection, particularly at Hachita in January, 1920. Will anyone who knows present addresses of 1st Sgt. Albert Sullivan, PFCs Curtis W. Harding, Clyde R. Cole and John T. Sewell, Jr., and Pvts. Ernest L. Evans and Raymond C. Young, please write. Harry E. Price, Box 523, Russellville, Ark.

Camp Young, Cal.—Present addresses of Corp. Albert Barnett and Chaplain Mayfield, this station in July, 1943, needed. Claim for lost money order. George Durham, Rt. 1, Box 618, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Marine Air Group 31—Thomas B. Redding, this outfit, urgently needs statements from his service comrades who were with him on Okinawa or in Japan, especially Capt. Schwartz, Transportation Officer; Johnson, (Los Angeles), and Hayworth, (Bakersfield, Cal.) Write William L. Kellick, Attorney, 770 Main St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

U. S. Navy, "Operations Rhine Crossing"—Urgently need to hear from men who know of eye injury sustained by William Carl Basinger, MOMM2/c, USNR, in this operation, or from any shipmate who knows of other injuries, particularly medics. Widow needs help to obtain pension. Write Thomas F. Gallagher, County Service Officer, Lima, Ohio.

3425th Ordnance MAM Co.—Need to locate men who served with me at Port Moresby and Hollandia, New Guinea. Claim pending. Scott H. Chapman, Tateville, Ky.

Marine Dance Band, N.O.B., Newfoundland—Need address of Mattie Greco, who played Spanish guitar. Statement for claim. L. E. Reese, 410 E. Logan St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Barnes General Hospital, Vancouver, Wash.—Need to locate Capt. Nickel, that station in May, 1943, with Medical Corps. Statements for claim. Frank L. Brown, Box 45, Ft. Washakie, Wyo.

U.S.S. Hickman, (WW1)—Shipmates who remember my head injury in shaft alley on way to France, Oct. or Nov., 1918, or of being lowered overside at LaPallice to be taken to hospital, please write. Treated on shipboard by Pharmacist Mate, name forgotten. Help needed for service connection. Joseph Jacobs, 212 Beach 67 St., Arverne, N. Y.

Stalag 4-B—Anyone in this camp between August, 1944, and January, 1945, who knows of Pvt. Gus F. George suffering injury to right thumb, please write Nicholas Lynch, Jr., National

Field Representative, The American Legion, C/o VA, 252 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Stalag 11-B—Anyone this POW camp who knew Corp. Edison H. Travis, between December, 1944, and April, 1945, and remember any illness (stomach and kidney), please contact Nicholas Lynch, Jr., National Field Representative, The American Legion, c/o VA, 252 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Co. K, 1st Regt., Ft. Francis E. Warren, Cheyenne, Wyo.—Need to contact 1st Sgt. Quisenberry, S/Sgt. Cunningham, Sgt. Wagner, PFC Wallace Lillard, Tom O'Brien, Pvt. Roberts, Cook; Pvts. Henderson and Hendrickson, (SS) trainees, Lt. Levine and others this station in 1942. Claim pending. Herbt C. George, 4711 Chesterfield St., El Paso, Tex.

Air Force, Austria—Need to hear from Air Force men who were with me when we were beaten by a mob of civilians at Amstettin, Austria, March 20, 1945, while being escorted to POW camp. Irvin D. Baer, 1002 Lincoln Park Ave., Danville, Ill. (Ex-T/Sgt. 15th AF, 301st Bomb Grp., 352nd Sqdrn.)

Battery D, 310th FA, 79th Div. (WW1)—Statements from service comrades needed. Please write Harry A. Emmons, Ward 5, U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

101st Battalion, Seaeas—Would like to hear from any man who was on board the U.S.S. Latrona (APA 244), Okinawa to San Francisco, July, 1945, and who remembers me being in sick bay with ear infection. Records lost. Myron F. (Mike) Hagen, Henniker, N. H.

Battery C, 297th AAA, Searchlight Bn.—Comrades who remember my injury in January, 1944, at Camp Stewart, Ga., and another in Florida in August, same year, are asked to write. Need statements. Jack M. Horton, 10602 Joan Ave., Cleveland 11, Ohio.

Co. B, 351st Engrs., General Service, (Attached to British Army)—Will Sgt. Goddard, (N. Y.); PFC Geiser, Carr, Cartwright who served with me at Norwich, England, in 1942, please write. Statements needed. Leroy R. Jones, 195 S. Hill St., Dubuque, Iowa.

Camp Crowder, Mo. (Cryptographic School)—Wish to contact men and WAC personnel in cryptographic school between May, 1944, and August, 1945. I was in Hdqrs. Co., ASFTC, as clerk-typist; cleared cryptographic personnel. Write Vernon D. Stenzel, Box 777, Neal, Kans.

1st Division, 49th Aero Sqdrn. (WW1)—Want to hear from some of my service comrades. William Petzold, Home for Disabled Soldiers, Menlo Park, N. J.

Co. C, 8th Field Signal Bn. (WW1)—Need to hear from service comrades of Clarence W. Overman while acting as radio operator aboard the transports *T. Sheridan* and/or *Saint Michael* while bringing prisoners out of Siberia. Widow needs help to prove claim. Write Mrs. Ruth G. Overman, 707 West 5th St., North Platte, Neb.

1st Co., CAC, Ft. Constitution, N. H., (WW1)—Urgently need to contact men who remember me; worked in Post Exchange; hospitalized from Jan. 24, to March 7, 1919, camp hospital, above station. Claim pending. Broadus Foster, 313 North Ave., Burlington, N. C.

Battery A, 948th AAA—Will men who knew me in service please write, especially Sgt. Tremmel, (last known address Uniontown, Pa.) Need statements to prove claim. Clair R. Elder, 819 South St., Altoona, Pa.

93rd Bomb Sqdrn., 19th Grp.—This office would like to contact any AAF personnel who joined above outfit as replacements at Longreach, Queensland, Australia, about May, 1942. Thomas E. Humphrey, Jr., Service Officer, Box 104, Columbia, Tenn.

8th Co., 3rd Regt., Des Moines, or 11th Co., WAAC Det., Camp Polk, or WAC Det., AAF, TAC, Orlando, Fla.—Need to get in touch with Lt. Bell, Louise Poole, Louise Parker, Louise Sharp, Mary (Brooks) Kenney, Nancy Kidd, Dorothy Eaton, or others who knew me in service in 1942 and 1943. Claim pending. Write Eunice (Boyd) Sutton, 2037 W. Pine St., Orlando, Fla.

Mobile Surgical Hospital 7 (later Camp Hospital 115) (WW1)—Will comrades who served with me in Champagne Sector in France please write; especially 1st Sgt. Arnold, (Meriden, Conn.) and Sgt. Major Allan B. Harrison, (Washington, D. C.). Write Mark M. Merrill, 116 Mill St., Fenton, Mich.

X-Ray Technician, Anzio Beach—Will Robert B. England, (outfit unknown), but at Anzio, Italy, please write. Believed to be in Florida. Claude Mangus, Apt. 1, 428 Argyle Drive, Falls Church, Va.

1st Bn., 116th Infantry, (WW1)—Need to hear from men who served with me in intelligence section, especially 1st Lt. Alison Reppy, Corp. Fred Weible, James J. Long, Joe B. Long, Dwight Berry, and Joseph Shardon. Claim pending. Jonas R. Supinger, RR 1, Covington, Ohio.

PCE 842—Shipmates who remember my injury from a fall in 1944 are asked to write. Claim pending. Otis J. Claywood, 503 E. Broadway, Yale, Okla.

3463 MM Ord. Co.—Men of this unit discharged with William C. Bredehoff in Tennessee in June, 1943, please write Veterans Service Office, Columbus, Neb.

Hospital, Camp Grant, Ill., (WW1)—Need to hear from Caldwell, in this hospital in 1920, home

(Continued on page 36)

OUTFIT REUNIONS

2nd Marine Division—1st annual reunion, Washington, D. C. August 11-13; headquarters Mayflower Hotel. Write Secretary-Treasurer, 2nd Marine Division Assn., Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C.

3rd Army Association—Reunion, New York City, August 18-20; Hotel Commodore. Info from Richard F. Hughes, Secy., 1275 W. Poplar St., York, Pa.

6th Division Assn., (Ohio Sector)—Convention, Columbus, Ohio, September 10; Deshler-Wallick Hotel. Write Orva Detrick, Convention Chairman, 122 S. Shaffer St., Springfield, Ohio.

8th Infantry Division Assn.—3rd annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, November 16-18; Netherlands Plaza Hotel. Details from Chalmers A. Young, Exec. Secy., 1736 Kemper Ave., Cincinnati 31, Ohio.

27th Division Assn.—Annual reunion, Albany, N. Y., October 6-7; Hotel Ten Eyck. Write Joseph P. Dooley, Secy., 640 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.

32nd (Red Arrow) Infantry Division, (both WWS)—Annual reunion, Madison, Wis., September 2-4; Info from Jos. A. Herdlick, Natl. Secy., 1806 N. 49th St., Milwaukee 8, Wis.

33rd (Yellow Cross) Infantry Division, (Los Angeles Chapter)—Dinner meeting, both WWS, October 10 during National Convention, American Legion. Reservations limited to 500. Write Bob Linder, 5323 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

34th (Red Bull) Infantry Division—3rd annual reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, September 16-17. Write Col. Ed Bird, 6708 University, Des Moines, Iowa.

75th Division Assn.—4th annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., August 18-20; Hotel President. Info from Harry P. Wiseman, Natl. Pres., 9724 Fuller Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio.

77th Infantry Division, (both WWS)—Annual reunion, New York City, November 9-11; headquarters 77th Div. Club, 28 E. 39th St. Jack Malpass, General Chairman, address him at Club.

78th (Lightning) Infantry Division, (both WWS)—Annual reunion, Fort Dix, N. J., August 11-13. Write Gerald R. Hackett, General Chairman, Nutley, N. J., for info.

80th (Blue Ridge) Infantry Division, (both WWS)—31st national reunion, Harrisonburg, Va., August 3-6. Info from 80th Div. Vet. Assn., 535 5th Ave., Pittsburgh 19, Pa., or Russell L. Stultz, 224 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

88th Infantry Division Assn.—3rd annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, August 17-19; Netherlands Plaza Hotel. Contact Reunion Committee, 88th Div., Netherlands Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, for info.

89th Division Society, (California Sector)—Reunion, Los Angeles, Cal., October 8, Rodger Young Auditorium, 936 W. Washington Blvd. Info from Joe T. Woods, Adjutant, P. O. Box 7844 DeValle Sta., Los Angeles 15, Cal.

91st (Wild West) Infantry Division, (both WWS)—Reunion, Seattle, Wash., latter part of September. Write Archie Walker, Secy., Drawer 2219, Seattle 11, Wash.

92nd Infantry Division, (both WWS)—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., August 27-September 1. Contact Jesse L. Carter, National Commander, 5745 S. State St., Chicago 21, Ill.

104th (Timberwolf) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., September 2-4. Contact John G. Davies, Convention Chairman, 2934 West Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

National Yeoman F—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, October 9-12, during Legion Natl. Convention. Info from Mrs. Etta M. Zeh, Chairman, 26870 Dapplegray Land, Rte. 2, Box 743, Palos Verdes Estate, Lomita, Cal.

734th Railway Operating Bn.—4th annual reunion, Denver, Colo., September 29-30; Cosmopolitan Hotel. Write George H. Armshaw, Secy.-Treas., 1466 S. Josephine St., Denver 10, Colo.

279th Engr. Combat Bn.—4th annual reunion, Nashville, Tenn., August 11-13. Info from Roy F. Moody, Reunion Chairman, 907 Knox Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

39th Fighter Sqdrn., 35th Fighter Grp., 5th AF—2nd annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., August 11-13. Details from Monroe G. Brock, 102 W. Rickenbacker, Oklahoma City, Okla.

224th AB Medical Co., 17th Airborne Division—3rd reunion, August 20, Dean's Farm, Stanley, New York. Write Francis J. Brennan, Pres., 451 Flint St., Rochester 11, N. Y.

USS Scorpion, Constantinople, (WW1)—Reunion, August 1, at 9915 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill. Details from Martin Burke, same address.

306th Field Signal Bn. Assn.—Annual reunion, Brookland Club, west of Galetan, Pa., August 4-6. Info from John L. Honeywell, Secy., 773 Mt. Zoar St., Elmira, N. Y.

Co. H, 349th Infantry, 88th Div.—Reunion, Greenwood Park, Des Moines, Iowa, August 27. Details from Wm. J. McConnell, P. O. Box 142, Seymour, Iowa.

89th FA Bn.—3rd annual reunion, Longacre Park, Highway 431, South, Indianapolis, Ind., August 20. Write George Beachler, 910 21st St., Logansport, Ind.

49th Fighter Sqdrn., 14th Grp.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., August 26-27; Hotel Aladdin. Con-

(Continued on page 36)

OUTFIT REUNIONS

(Continued from page 35)

tact R. A. Johnson, 720 West St., Emporia, Kans. 23rd Co. P.C., 6th MG Bn., USMC - Reunion, Washington, D. C., August 10-12; Shoreland Hotel, Write Charles Mikelberg, 4618 Glendale Court, Brooklyn 34, N. Y.

Hq. and Hq. Sqdrn., 521st Air Service Grp., (formerly 3rd AB Grp.) - Blue Hornets, 5th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., August 11-13; Fort Pitt Hotel, Direct inquiries to W. L. Baker, Marion Farms, Fombell, Pa.

Battery A, 269th FA Bn. - 1st reunion, Columbia, S. C., August 12-13. Details from G. P. Poole, 508 Dartmouth St., Columbia 3, S. C.

20th Engineers Assn. - 4th annual reunion, New York City, August 18-20; Park Sheraton Hotel, Write Gerald M. Goodman, 1466 E. 69th St., Chicago 37, Ill.

Bakery Co., Wo. 2, QMC (WW1) - Annual reunion, Hamilton, Ohio, August 4-6; Anthony Wayne Hotel, Contact Eddie Wehr, 433 Fair Ave., Hamilton, or Jos. J. (Mix) Neumann, 527 W. Lincoln St., Findlay, Ohio.

68th CAC, (WW1) - 11th annual reunion, American Legion Billet, Pontiac, Ill., August 20. Send inquiries to Maurice Bremer, Pontiac, Ill.

Co. B, 113th Ammunition Trn., (WW1) - Annual reunion, City Park, Murray, Ky., September 3. Info from J. H. Henley, Rt. 1, Murray, Ky.

11th FA, (both WWs) - 26th annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, September 2-4; Fort Hayes Hotel, Write Robert Summers, Secy., 81 Ampere Parkway, East Orange, N. J.

316th Infantry Assn. - 31st annual reunion, Allentown, Pa., September 29-30; Amerius Hotel, Address Raymond A. Cullen, Secy., P. O. Box 1303, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

613th Ord. Base Arm. Maint. Bn. and attached units - 4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., September 2-3; Ambassador Hotel, Reservations and info from Richard D. Beck, 3005 N. 53rd St., Milwaukee 10, Wis.

27th Armored Infantry Bn. - Reunion dinner-dance, New York City, September 9; Governor Clinton Hotel, Info from Martin P. Hobby, 405 E. 182nd St., New York 57, N. Y.

15th Tank Bn. Assn. - 3rd annual reunion, New York City, September 1-3; Hotel New Yorker, Write George L. Peterson, Secy., 69-14 58 Road, Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.

6th Armored Division - 3rd annual reunion, New York City, September 1-3; Hotel New Yorker, Info from Wm. Rutledge, Secy-Treas., P. O. Box A, Yackinville, N. C.

43rd General Hospital - 2nd annual reunion, New Haven, Conn., September 10, Write Henry L. Jacobsen, Indian Cove, Guilford, Conn., for details.

56th HMTK Co., (Ordnance) - 5th reunion, Huntington, W. Va., September 3. Write Harold Compton, C/o Compton Office Machine Co., Huntington, or Homer J. Thacker, Box 384, Kenova, W. Va.

61st Railway Engineers, (WW1) - Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., September 2-4; St. Clair Hotel, Write E. M. Soboda, 932 Roscoe St., Green Bay, Wis.

110th Seabees - 2nd reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., September 2-4; Hotel Roosevelt, Contact F. J. Hilt, Secy., 5843 Montrose St., W. Philadelphia 43, Pa.

178th QM Co., (formerly Co. B, 614 QM Bn.) - 3rd annual reunion, Louisville, Ky., September 2-4. Write Lamar Fante, 905 Goss Ave., Louisville, Ky., for details.

Co. A, 115th Infantry, 29th Div. - Annual reunion, Frederick, Md., September 2. Contact Alton E. Shaff, Woodsboro, Md., for details.

355th Infantry, (WW1) - Reunion, Fremont, Neb., September 9-10, Contact Albert L. Carlberg, 748 E. 6th St., or Albert M. Bang, 1705 No. H St., Fremont, Neb.

308th Motor Supply Train, (WW1) - Silver anniversary, 25th annual reunion, Springfield, Ohio, September 2-4; Shawnee Hotel, Write Wm. J. Schmidt, Rt. 1, Medway, O.

U. S. Naval Hospital, Seattle, Wash. - 4th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., September 3. Write A. J. Hudec, 2611 Taylor Ave., Racine, Wis., for details.

22nd Ordnance Assn., (Cleveland Chapter) - Reunion, Schluter's Center Ridge Road, Westlake, Ohio, Contact John R. McGuigan, Box 6722, Cleveland, Ohio.

WAC Reunion and Dinner - Chicago, Ill., at Illinois Club for Catholic Women, 820 N. Michigan Ave., September 9 at 5:30 p.m. Reservation, with remittance of \$3, to be sent to Zola Wist, 5516 Kenmore Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

319th Field Signal Bn. - Annual reunion, Sunset Park, Route 44 between Canton and Alliance, Ohio, September 3. Contact Arthur M. Bergman, 41 W. 184th St., New York 53, N. Y.

Co. D, 713th MP Bn. - 3rd annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., September 9-10. Details from William J. Karpinski, 468 Wilson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

85th Station Hospital - 4th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., September 1-3; Congress Hotel, Info from Dr. L. Gilman, 977 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul 5, Minn.

Co. B, 21st (824th) Engrs. Bn. Avn., (Iceland) - Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., September 29-30; Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Write Fred L. Miller, RD 2, Box 25, Bellefonte, Pa., or Harold C. Knapp, 126 S. Main St., Albion, N. Y.

1st Service Co. 166th FA, or Service, 938th FA

Bn. - Reunion planned, New Providence, Pa., 3rd Saturday in September. Write Charles H. Rehm, New Providence, or Roy J. Knott, RD 3, Spring Grove, Pa.

113th Engineers Assn., (WW1) - Annual reunion, Forest Park, Noblesville, Ind., September 23-24. Write Charles M. Beal, Secy., 321 S. Main St., Tipton, Ind.

729th Railway Operating Bn. - 1st reunion, Fort Wayne, Ind., September 23-24; Hotel Keenan, Write W. S. Carr, Room 446, South Station, Boston, Mass., for details.

729th Ordnance Assn., (Former members Co. E, 104th QM, 729th Ordnance Co.) - 3rd reunion, Camp Ritchie, Md., September 23-24. Write Donald E. Freeman, Secy., Uniontown Rd., Westminster, Md.

33rd Seabees - 4th annual reunion, New York City, September 16; Hotel Statler, Write C. A. Decker, 387 Union Ave., Staten Island 3, N. Y.

415th RR Tel. Bn., AEF - Reunion, Los Angeles, Cal., during Legion National Convention, October 9-12; headquarters Harry's Grill, 652 Flower Street, Contact James J. Maher, Secy., 3723 So. Rockwell St., Chicago 32, Ill.

26th Engineers - Reunion, Los Angeles, Cal., during American Legion Natl. Convention, October 9-12; hqrs. and banquet at Biltmore Hotel, For info write A. A. Fricke, Secy.-Treas., 1136 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

519th Ordnance (HM) Co. (FA) - Reunion, Wheeling, W. Va., October 21-22. Write Kenneth Lewis, C/o Wheeling Electric Co., or George R. Pell, 528 Hawley Bldg., Wheeling, W. Va.

USS Solace, (WW1) - Annual reunion of shipmates, Philadelphia, November 4. Write Dr. R. A. Kern, Temple University Hospital, 3401 N. Broad St., Philadelphia 40, Pa.

115th Engineers, (both WWs) - Reunion to be held in connection with 40th Infantry Division reunion, Los Angeles, Cal., October 8-12, during Legion Natl. Convention, Place National Guard Armory, Exposition Park, Exposition Blvd. and Figueroa Sts. Write Robert D. Kneisel, Reunion Chairman, 700 Exposition Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

18th Special Seabee Bn. - 5th annual reunion, Marion, Ohio, October 7; Harding Hotel, Contact Floyd M. Wilson, 741 Henry St., Marion, Ohio.

U. S. Navy, Subchaser Base 25, Corfu, Greece, (WW1) - Reunion, Wickenburg, Ariz., October 4-5, including members of Adriatic Fleet stationed at Spalato, Dalmatia, and men on captured ships Radetsky and Zyrini. Write Herbert F. Saxton, P. O. Box 31, Wickenburg, Ariz.

305th FA Bn. - Reunion in connection with 77th Division reunion, New York City, 77th Div. Club House, 28 E. 39th St., November 9-12. Info from John Wilkes, 2nd Vice Commander, 305th FA Post, American Legion, 28 E. 39th St., New York.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

MAY 31, 1950

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$1,514,181.10
Receivables	244,711.72
Inventories	367,675.99
Invested Funds	972,248.79
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	\$250,611.27
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	1,200,422.36
	1,451,033.63
Real Estate, less depreciation	318,139.50
Furniture and Fixtures, less depreciation	258,836.49
Deferred Charges	84,881.03
	\$5,211,708.25

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$212,832.77
Funds restricted as to use	592,049.19
Deferred Income	1,237,005.27
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	\$250,611.27
Employees' Retirement Trust	1,200,422.36
	1,451,033.63
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund	\$739,646.20
Restricted Fund	13,465.53
Reserve for construction of Washington office	320,160.49
Real Estate	80,000.00
	1,153,272.22
Unrestricted Capital:	
Surplus	97,180.98
Excess of Income over Expense 5 Months	468,334.19
	565,515.17
	1,718,787.39
	\$5,211,708.25

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 35)

State, Indiana; medical discharge May, 1920. Write C. C. Ballance, R1, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

U.S.S. Cleburne, (APA 73) - Will any man in the "H" Division on this ship's last trip please contact Dr. Roland E. Bieren, 1115 Arenow Drive, Falls Church, Va. Claim for service-connection pending.

U.S.S. Daly - Need statements from shipmates in 1944 to prove claim. Please write at once. Elmer Elder, Rt. 2, Amite, La.

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. - Will the officer in State Guard Officer Training School who saw me fall (in January, 1943) while crossing street; laughed while picking me up because "it happened so funny." Statement needed. Lloyd C. Bates, Macksburg, Iowa.

112th Cavalry Regt. - Statements needed from Sgts. Tipton, Kirby, and Landey, and from Lt. Bumstead who served in Leyte in 1944. Information needed to process claim of Theodore (Ted) Hoolihan, leg, back and stomach condition while attached to unit. Write Edward F. Loughrea, County Veterans Service Officer, Room 16, Krenner Bldg., Grand Rapids, Minn.

3rd Machine Gun Bn., 3rd Division, (WW1) - Howard C. Moore, 142 Cooper St., Brooklyn 7, N. Y., would like to contact any former members this outfit who remembers him being wounded and hospitalized. (Shrapnel, abdomen, right arm, shoulder and leg, at St. Mihiel).

Hdqrs. Co., 47th Infantry, (WW1) - Will anyone who knows address of Pvt. Edwin Carl Daum, last known address St. Louis, Mo., please write. Settlement of estate. James R. Keller, RD 1, Linglestown, Pa.

13th AAF, 42nd Bomb Grp., 100th Sqdrn. - Need to contact Dr. Avikan, former Flight Surgeon, relative to back injury. Write Leopold Gauthier, 93 Rivers Ave., Williamansett, Mass.

64th Co., PWE, AEF, (WW1) - Will anyone who served at Chaumont or any other station in France with me, please write. Need statement. Elwood Browning, Galt, Mo.

Battery F, 3rd Coast Field Artillery, Ft. MacArthur, Cal. - Men who knew me in service please write. Need help to establish claim. Carroll G. Comer, 600 Hollister Ave., Del Paso Heights, Cal.

Co. B, 6th Armored Inf. Bn., (1st Platoon) - Need statements, will anyone in this outfit please contact me. Fuller Clark, Jr., Box 73, Petros, Texas.

Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

August, 1950

POW -- WAR CLAIMS COMMISSION:

Handicapped by personnel shortage...and lack of funds...War Claims Commission is necessarily making slow progress in processing flood of prisoner-of-war claims....This despite all-out effort of executives and employees in unpaid overtime and voluntarily forfeited leaves....But, as of July 1, the Commission was approximately 90 days behind in opening its mail....125,000 pieces await opening and routing to proper section, each envelope containing an application, or a letter wanting to know why check has not been received....The incoming volume is slacking up and officials believe that the flood-tide has been reached....Up to July 1, approximately 5,000 claims had been completed and about \$3,000,000 disbursed to claimant former prisoners of war (\$1 per day subsistence), and certain civilian internees in the Pacific area (\$60 per month)....Claimants filing after March 1, 1950, are warned that checks will not, in the normal course, be coming their way until September or after....Commission has been operating with two members since death of David N. Lewis in plane crash last November....Daniel F. Cleary, Chairman, and Mrs. Georgia F. Lusk, member....In early June, Senate confirmed appointment of Myron Wiener, New York, as third member....Commissioner Wiener, lawyer, was a wartime civilian internee in Santo Tomas prison camp in Manila.

NSLI DIVIDEND PAYMENT NEARING END:

Ninety percent complete, VA is beginning to see the end of Operation Dividend, NSLI....Vouchers for nearly 15 million of the estimated 16 million policy-holders have been sent out....All claims, it is said, that did not require more than routine checking against records at hand have been paid....But there are yet a lot of claims pending that require special handling....Knotty ones such as duplicate numbers, two or more policies, changed status, dropped and re-instated policies, etc....16 million men can ring the changes in more than that many devious ways, and now it is up to VA to untangle the knots....It is this hard core that is causing trouble....The mammoth program of disbursing \$2.8 billion on more than 20 million insurance accounts to 16 million WW2 vets is so near the end that 1,300 temporary employees were let out on June 30....Vets who have not received their share of the dividend melon, and who are getting concerned about the delay, may write E. G. Joseph, Director, Special Insurance Projects Service, Veterans Administration, Washington 25, D. C.

WW2 VET WIDOWS ELIGIBLE FOR GI LOANS:

Unremarried widows of veterans who died as a result of service in WW2 are made eligible for GI home, farm and business loans under instructions sent out by VA to all of its field offices....Amendments to the Housing Act of 1950 broadened the provisions to make such unremarried widows eligible for VA-guaranteed loans in the same amounts that their husbands would have had....Eligibility requirements in general parallel those governing death compensation payable to widows of WW2 vets....Vet husband must have served in the Armed Forces at some period between September 16, 1940, and July 25, 1947, and his death must have resulted from service while on duty, or from service-connected causes following discharge under conditions other than dishonorable....Of course the term

unremarried is understood -- the widow must not have remarried after the veteran's death....Widows who are eligible for GI loan benefits in their own right by virtue of their own service in the Armed Forces receive no additional benefits as widows....While GI loans for home, farm or business purposes are made by banks and other loan institutions, with VA guaranteeing the lender against loss on a portion, the new Housing Act will benefit both widows and GIs....One amendment authorizes VA to make direct loans to eligibles for home purchases after July 19, 1950, in localities where mortgage financing at 4 percent interest is not available.

AMPUTEES, SURGEONS, REHAB MEN -- SPECIAL SERVICE:

VA has centralized in New York (Manhattan) Regional Office a permanent exhibit and reference library on artificial limbs, artificial eyes, plastic and cosmetic devices and other prosthetics....This is the first permanent central source of information on techniques, products and advances in the wonderful spare-parts industry....It is open to the public....The reference material and exhibit cover advances in prosthetics in VA, the Army, Navy and the various private manufacturing firms.

In the same building is a plastic eye and restoration clinic and the VA's only laboratory for testing artificial limbs....There is even a highly specialized shop for manufacturing the gadgets to test the devices....An artificial leg, walking along in a testing machine to prove how long it would last in use, took its 312,204th step on June 14 and was still going strong....The exhibit and library were set up in cooperation with the National Research Council, and the Army and Navy.

On display, among other things, is the most recent approach to the annoying problem of artificial legs for amputations above the knee....It is a suction-held limb which has an admirable joint and attaches to the thigh without harness....(Mentioned in Veterans Newsletter, April, 1950, and indicative of interest shown by both vets and civilians, the brief mention brought a lot of letters of inquiry)....It is quite light, and though not a solution for the above-joint problem for all such amputees, it is an advance which helps many....A great variety of crutch tips is on display, as well as many forms of artificial hands of both hook and cosmetic type....Hooks, though less attractive, have an ever-growing range of special adaptations for special uses.

Out-of-town physicians, surgeons and rehab men, as well as interested amputees unable to visit the library, may mail specific questions to Information Specialist, Prosthetics and Sensory Aids Service, VA Regional Office, 252 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, New York....Information is available equally for the benefit of the major amputee population of the country, veteran and non-veteran....This group increases by about 25,000 each year.

BENEFITS FOR YANKS IN CANADIAN SERVICE:

American citizens who served in Canadian forces may be entitled to the War Service Gratuity of \$7.50 for each 30 days of service, 25 cents extra for each day overseas, plus 7 days pay and allowance of rank for each 6 months of overseas service....Other benefits are provided for Canadian veterans living in Canada....Direct inquiries to Canadian Department of Veteran Affairs, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

HOSPITAL CUTBACK COST TEN MILLION SMACKS:

President Truman's 16,000-bed cutback in veterans' hospital building program in December, 1948, cost the Government more than \$10,000,000, a VA report to Congress made in early June revealed....The money had been spent on plans, sites, and preliminary work by architects and contractors before the "economy" order was issued....24 hospitals were eliminated from the VA plans and bed capacity reduced in 15 others....Some of the loss can be recovered, VA said, especially that in acquiring sites, and a "substantial portion" of the cost of final working drawings....House has passed a bill restoring the 16,000 beds to the building program now awaiting Senate action.

WW2 UNKNOWN TO SHARE WW1 TOMB:

Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, WW1, at Arlington National Cemetery, will be adapted for entombment of the Unknown Service Man of WW2....Rather than construct a second monument and disturb the simplicity of the War Memorial's setting, the Fine Arts Commission has decided to place the two honored war dead in the same burial vault....Now reading "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God" a new legend will be cut into the white marble....It will read: "Here rests in honored glory members of the American Armed Forces of the World Wars known only to God"....The WW2 Unknown will be selected May 26, 1951, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia....Bodies will be brought together from all overseas theatres....The one chosen, unknown in name and unknown in arm of service, will be symbolic of all branches of the service and of all war zones....Formal entombment, with elaborate ceremonies, will be made on Memorial Day, 1951.

HARRY BRIDGES' CITIZENSHIP REVOKED:

Australian-born Harry Bridges, West Coast agitator and radical labor leader of the longshoremen, was deprived of his United States citizenship, obtained in 1945, by an order of Federal Judge George B. Harris at San Francisco on June 15....Bridges was recently found guilty of fraud and perjury by swearing that he had never been a member of the communist party, in obtaining United States citizenship, in the longest trial in the San Francisco Federal Court....He is now under sentence to 5 years in prison...."Harry Bridges has no moral or constitutional right to retain the privileges of citizenship, if, by false swearing, an imposition is practiced...without which the certificate of citizenship could not and would not have been issued," said Judge Harris....This ruling is the first step in the Government's effort to deport Bridges to Australia -- which the Legion demanded nearly 15 years ago.

GI BILL PASSES ITS SIXTH BIRTHDAY:

June 22nd marked the 6th birthday of the GI Bill, a law passed on that day in 1944, to help WW2 vets get back into the swing of civilian living....Legion-inspired and Legion-written, it was born out of the experience and knowledge gained in the haphazard and slap-happy days following WW1 when, without a system of vet care and benefits, the young WW1 vets were pushed around after discharge....Now, after six years, a little stock-taking seems to be in order:

During the 6 years the Act has been in effect, a majority of the 15,300,000 WW2 vets have benefited by one or more of its three major provisions....Some 7,000,000 vets, men and women, have attended school or trained on-the-job or on-the-farm under the educational provisions....This program so far has cost more than \$10 billion for tuition, supplies and subsistence allowance....All together, vets spent a total of 95,000,000 months in the classroom, at the work bench and on the farm, or an average of about 15 months of training per veteran....Only 4 percent of all vets who have been in training -- around 300,000 -- have exhausted their entitlements

to further GI Bill training....Under present regulations, most veterans must start their courses by July 25, 1951, if they want to continue on after that date....Final cut-off for most vets comes on July 25, 1956.

More than \$11 billion of GI loans have been obtained by 2,100,000 WW2 vets... 92 percent, or 1,940,000, were for homes....Another 121,000 were for businesses, and the remaining 39,000 were for farms and farm equipment....Only seven-tenths of one percent of the loans were defaulted to the extent that VA had to make good the guaranteed and insured portions....The loan program has another 7 years to go, ending for most WW2 vets on July 25, 1957 -- so there's no need to rush; think things over carefully before borrowing to build or go into business.

Readjustment allowances for unemployment and self-employment -- third major GI Bill benefit -- ended for most vets on July 25, 1949....About 9,000,000 vets drew readjustment allowances up to a total of \$3.8 billion....The average vet found a job after having been on the readjustment allowance rolls for about a month and a half, despite the fact that benefits could extend in most cases for 52 weeks.

ST. MIHIEL MEDALS, WW1:

Veterans of 16 American WW1 Divisions which fought in the historic St. Mihiel Offensive in France are reminded that the special St. Mihiel Medal, to which they are eligible, is still available....Issued some 25 years ago, many eligible vets have received their medals and diplomas, but to those who have not, Councilman L. Thieblemont, of St. Mihiel, who is a visitor in the United States, will receive applications and assist in procuring the municipal decorations....Councilman Thieblemont will be at 37-33 60th Street, Woodside, L. I., N. Y., until September and will furnish the necessary questionnaire blank to all applicants....Vets of the following WW1 Divisions, present with their outfits during the offensive, are eligible: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 7th, 26th, 33rd, 35th, 42nd, 45th, 78th, 80th, 82nd, 89th, 90th, 91st and 92nd.

PRESIDENT DENIES WAR CREDIT TO POSTAL VETS:

President Truman, on June 23d, vetoed a bill that would have given war-service credit to some 120,000 vets who have entered the postal service since discharge from service....This credit would have given vets promotion benefits and an average increase of \$225 in annual salary....Truman called the measure an "indirect bonus" and that it represented "a far-reaching step in an undesirable direction"....Objections: "Based on bad principle of allowing credit for service in no way related to a civil career;"....Second, "discriminatory, because limited to small fraction of veterans in Federal employ"....Third, "provides a special benefit to a special group of veterans without preference to a real and distinctive need"....Fourth, the measure would "require a large additional budget expenditure at a time when the postal service throughout the nation is being curtailed."

FIVE LEAD IN HALL OF FAME VOTE:

Preliminary balloting on the 186 candidates for a place in the Hall of Fame for Great Americans on the New York University campus discloses the top five favorites of the electoral college....Leading the 186 were Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Alexander Graham Bell, Wilbur Wright and Josiah Willard Gibbs....The preliminary vote is in the nature of an elimination test....Voting will continue, and result of final selection will be announced November 1....Hall of Fame rules require that the candidate be dead 25 years or longer and that he or she receives a majority of all votes of the electoral college....Five names may be selected at each quinquennial election.

Could You Go To Congress?

(Continued from page 25)

Veterans; David J. O'Connell Post No. 2264, Veterans of Foreign Wars; Disabled American Veterans, Astoria Chapt. 29; Holy Name Society, Church of the Nativity; Three Hundred and Second Armored-Cavalry Reserve Group; Bishop's Lay Committee for Catholic Charities; Mayor's Golden Jubilee Committee; and Queensboro Council for Social Welfare . . ."

But joining organizations means little, if you don't follow up that membership by being willing to "mix with people." And that, of course, can be done without becoming a member of dozens of organized groups.

One Republican Congressman, representing an industrial area, proved how important this willingness can be in a political campaign. Three of the most important wards in his city are made up of Polish voters. For years these wards had gone Democratic by big majorities.

Although he had spoken to Polish groups for almost a month, he sensed he wasn't changing a vote. Finally, a week before the election, he attended a giant Polish festival.

A friend dragged him to the center of the floor to dance the polka before he could protest that he was almost fifty, not too rugged and, besides, had never danced the polka in his life.

As huge spotlights focused on him, he was roughly bounced about the dance floor by a beautiful but muscular six-foot blonde. Recalling the incident, the Congressman said, "I kept thinking, any minute I'll have a heart attack—I'm too old for this sort of thing."

After fifteen minutes, the music stopped, the festival goers began shouting the name of the Republican candidate who, by now bent from exhaustion, waved a feeble hand in reply.

The next day, confined to bed on his doctor's orders, he was forced to cancel four important speeches. But when the votes were counted he had carried every Polish district in the city and that margin insured his election to Congress.

The dignified John Davis Lodge, who represents Connecticut's Fourth District, had a similar experience.

Lodge was running against a candidate of Italian descent in a district which has a heavy Italian population.

Against the advice of his supporters Lodge agreed to invade the heart of the Italian section for a debate.

The night of the debate the hall was packed. Lodge received a cool reception when he was introduced, but his opponent had 'em paying a standing tribute.

Lodge's opponent led off and before he had finished one of Lodge's supporters whispered, "This is no place for a 'Blue Blood' like John."

But after the cheering had subsided Lodge arose and made his speech, every word of it in beautiful Italian. From then on, Lodge was the election favorite. He clinched his victory when his opponent, although from a widely known Italian family, admitted he had never mastered the language and was forced to rebut in English.

This ability to get along with people and have people like you is described by one

long-time member of the House as "exaggerated courtesy."

You have to remember to visit the kitchen to thank the wives who cooked that wonderful Grange chicken dinner; you have to remember to ask your neighbors about their wives and children; you have to remember to smile every time you say "Good Morning" as you walk along the street.

Combined with this, of course, is the knack of being the genial host. Being the host back home is actually only minor league training for the entertaining you'll have to do once you reach Washington.

"The only line to draw in picking up checks," cautions a freshman member, "is don't pick up so many that you wind up at the end of your term flat broke."

This is no idle warning. Every day the House restaurant is filled with influential constituents dining as guests of their

District—represented by Mr. Boykin.

After this "appetizer" came the dinner. The menu: Gulf shrimp, celery and olives, green turtle soup a l'Anglaise au Sherry; "Steak Rayburn," broiled with fresh mushrooms, sauce Bernaise, broccoli Hollandaise, glacé carrots, spring salad with Roquefort, ice cream tri-color with melba sauce, Texas pecans, coffee and coronas.

The check, picked up by the ever-smiling Boykin, is reported to have tallied over \$10,000. Happily for Congressmen, such dinners are not "expected" of them.

Comradeship can't be confined to personal contacts alone; much of it is maintained through correspondence. Sharpen up on your letter-writing ability if you aspire to Congress!

Illinois Congressman Melvin Price receives—and answers—an average of five hundred letters a week. When an impor-



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Representatives. One first term in the present Congress spent more than five hundred dollars during the first two months of last year before he found that it was safer to be "in committee" or "on the floor of the House" from noon until after one-thirty in the afternoon.

Not all members can afford such a dinner as Alabama's famous Frank Boykin gave for his colleague, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, last year.

Before the dinner, which was attended by more than five hundred guests, a buffet was served which offered, among other choice items, salmon from Quebec, venison from Alabama, elk from Montana, bear from the Okefenokee, turkey from Georgia, antelope from Chugwater, coon, possum and 'taters from Alabama's First

Representative. One first term in the present Congress spent more than five hundred dollars during the first two months of last year before he found that it was safer to be "in committee" or "on the floor of the House" from noon until after one-thirty in the afternoon.

Many letters received at the House office buildings seek financial help. One member's mail averages from three to five such "touches" a week.

Some of these letters continue even after retirement from Congress. A year after he left Congress, Carter Manasco, who represented Alabama's Seventh District, received this special delivery letter from a town in Arkansas:

"Dear Congressman,
I'm here dead broke. I haven't been home for three years but when I'm

there, I'm for you!

Please wire me fifty dollars right away. If you don't I can really hurt you back home.

Yours,

No longer in politics, Manasco could forget this demand. But if he'd been a member, he'd either have had to put up the fifty dollars or compose a reply which, hopefully, would still hold the vote of his stranded, itinerant constituent.

Every letter, no matter how irrelevant or bitter, must be answered tactfully, honestly and in a spirit of friendliness.

Yet, even a spirit of friendliness, a reputation as a host, a war record and membership in the bar association will count for little if you have never given any indication of an interest in local politics.

Most men who reach Congress have taken part in politics at the "ground level." They have served as committeemen for their political party, members of city and town councils or as members of state legislatures.

The two top men in the present House, Speaker Sam Rayburn and Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin, both served in the state legislatures of their home States before moving up to Washington.

A few present members, however, broke the rules. Charles Potter, who represents Michigan's Eleventh District, had not only never held any public office before, but began his campaign from a hospital bed in Walter Reed Hospital where he was recuperating from the loss of both legs in combat.

However, political leaders shy away from supporting the nomination of men who have not "worked their way up."

There is no magic age which is the "best time" to bid for the House of Representatives. In 1948, Barratt O'Hara of Illinois won election as a freshman Congressman at the age of sixty-six while Hugo S. Sims, Jr., was winning his first term in the House from South Carolina at the age of twenty-seven. The only stipulation the Constitution makes is that no man can be sworn in as a member until he has reached the age of twenty-five.

The "Grand Old Man" of New York State politics, Lieutenant Governor Joe Hanley, when asked recently to advise political hopefuls said, "Well, you start in working for your party, doing all kinds of chores. Finally you go to the party leaders and ask them if you can stand for election. They pat you on the head and say, 'You're a little too young yet, my boy!'

"So, you get out there again, working hard, rounding up votes and making a speech or two. Finally, you *know* you're ready to step before the voters. You again approach the party leaders. This time they shake their heads, give you a look of pity and say, 'Sorry—but you're just a little too old.'"

Don't get caught in such a trap! Money is as unimportant as age in making the decision to run for Congress. There are rich men in the House—and there are also poor men.

Richard Nixon, who won election to Congress in 1946 by defeating a Democratic incumbent, campaigned with little

or no money, moving into a small, inexpensive apartment with his wife and two children in order to conserve what little money he had. Before the campaign was over he had spent all his savings.

While poor men do win election to Congress and a survey of the 81st Congress shows the average member a man of very modest means, money is a nice thing to have when campaigning.

The story is being told this year in Kentucky of a well-known businessman who was seeking a seat in the United States Senate. He approached a political leader and asked him how much money he would need for the campaign.



"Oh," replied the politico, "about \$150,000."

"What?" gasped the hopeful. "Why, when I ran for governor a few years ago I only needed \$60,000."

"Yep," drawled the top man, "and you ain't governor, are you?"

Even with money many men have been turned down by the voters because they thought that as Representatives, they wouldn't be "representative" of the districts. No other elective position in government is better named than the formal title applied to Congressmen.

Voters shy away from candidates they feel are "too big" for them. Because of this one member of the 81st Congress is afraid to take his new car back home.

Early this year he traded in his 1946 Chevrolet for a \$3000 luxury automobile. Now he lives in fear that the people in his home district will find out and feel he has "gone high hat." If that happened he might be back practicing law in his home town, come 1951.

As the lawmaker most responsive to the public will, seeking election every two years compared with members of the United States Senate, who appear before the voters every six years, a member of

the House of Representatives must reflect the peculiarities, the ideologies and the political temper of his district.

If, for instance, you don't believe in the Silver Purchase Act, which although assailed as economically unsound, has proved a boon to silver miners, don't seek public office in the mining state of Nevada!

And if you are against the whole principle of support prices for farm products, don't attempt to enter public life in a farm State!

But no man has ever devised an easy course in "How to Win Election to Congress." The ground rules we have gleaned from the 80th and 81st Congresses provide only an outline for potential candidates.

The local conditions, differing in each of the 435 Congressional districts, are what fill out that outline into a complete story.

If you have answered all the qualifications already listed, you can carry on from there. Not even such a shrewd vote winner as Congressman Mike Kirwan, Chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, can offer the next lesson. Kirwan is the only Democrat ever to be elected from Ohio's Nineteenth district, a rugged Republican district once represented by James A. Garfield and William McKinley, both of whom later were elected to the Presidency.

Kirwan believes no college can teach the art of winning votes and influencing voters. To illustrate this, Kirwan tells about the young fellow who had just graduated from a wonderful political science course at Princeton and was running for a local office.

"The first night of the campaign he had eight visits to make," explains Kirwan, "At the first hall he found not one voter had showed up, so he fidgeted around waiting. Finally, after a dozen people had turned up, he had a beer and a sandwich with them, gave them a little pep talk and went to his next stop. As the night went on he began to lag, more and more behind his schedule.

"He turned up—at nearly one in the morning—at the last meeting. Most of the people had already left for home, but there were about twenty still there.

"His campaign manager said, 'Now have a beer and a sandwich with these people—they've waited a long time to meet you.'

"At the mention of the word beer, the young fellow turned green, rushed to the door and collapsed over the railing of the porch.

"His manager dashed out, shouting, 'What's the trouble? What's the trouble?'

"The candidate turned red eyes toward him and sobbed, 'I have had twelve beers and twenty ham sandwiches tonight—I'm giving up politics, my stomach just can't take it.'

"See," explains Kirwan, "they can't teach you to drink beer and eat ham sandwiches at Princeton or any other college in the country.

"No," he says with a shake of his head, "there's no magic formula for election to Congress."

There is one to test Kirwan's statement, however.

Run for Congress and find out!

THE END

What Has Happened To American Cooking?

(Continued from page 17)

indigestion, to encourage ulcers and other disabling disorders. I agree with none of this specious heresy. I know happy and healthy old men and women who have eaten these potatoes twice a week since they first had teeth.

The potatoes are sliced thin, allowed to become crisp in cold water, drained, seasoned and plopped into a heavy deep frying pan that contains a lot of hot bacon fat. The lid is clamped on and kept there until the bottom layer is deeply crusted and an authentic brown. Then, with a wide spatula, the mass is deftly turned for browning on the other side. When the potatoes come to the table, they should occupy the place of honor. They make a handsome dish, ideal with a broiled steak or pork chops, with a slice of broiled country ham surrounded by lightly-fried eggs.

But, try to get 'em!

In this imperfect but interesting world, we have made great strides in the processing, refrigeration and transportation of food. The average grocery store offers a wealth of the finest vegetables and fruits, canned, fresh or quick-frozen. The bounty of the sea is no longer denied the citizens of Dubuque, Iowa. The Maine lobster, fresh as when caught, is now available for the tribal cooking pots in Salt Lake City. Trout from the Colorado streams arrive in New York in prime condition.

All this indicates great progress, an advance in what some call the American way of life. I refuse, however, to subscribe to a theory that the system has reached perfection until I can march into a food emporium and tell the man to wrap me up a peck of dandelion greens.

I like all salad greens, but I prefer dandelion greens prepared as my mother did many years ago. A lot of men feel the same way about them. They seldom sell dandelion greens across the counter, worse luck. The small, delicately bitter leaves make one of the finest of salads, hot or cold. In the Spring, when the shoots were small and very youthful, we ate them with a simple French dressing. Later, when the leaves were larger and the bitterness more robust, mother prepared the salad by tossing the leaves in a mixture of hot bacon fat and vinegar, with crisp, crumbled bacon atop the dish. The quantities of this salad that could be consumed were almost astronomical, especially when it was served as a companion piece to fried spring chicken and tiny new boiled potatoes in hot cream, sprinkled with finely chopped chives.

Cole slaw! Another traditionally glorious dish that has fallen on evil days. I have been browsing through a dozen modern cook books and I am saddened and deeply shocked at the variety of things inventive women can do to a head of cabbage and call the end result cole slaw. Simplicity seems to go out the window when the little woman toys with the idea of compounding a cole slaw. The addition of chunks of pineapple, for example, or shreds of carrots, or the addition of whipped cream—never were alien ingredients more unhappily mated. The

old-fashioned, time-tested recipe of heavy cream, vinegar, salt and pepper, plus crisp shredded cabbage, has yet to be beaten. The result is a tangy, tasty salad, supreme in its field.

The American consumption of fish grows apace, thanks to modern refrigeration and fast transportation. The growth has been stimulated in part by a rash of new recipes for the cookery of fish. Many of them seem to be deliberately designed to disguise the native flavor of the fish—with condiments, herbs, strange sauces, nuts and fruit. These recipes have been so avidly accepted by housewives that I'm afraid the trend is such that it may mark the end of the finest of all fish dishes—fried fish. Properly prepared, fried fish is a delight. The meat is thoroughly cooked, nothing has been done to destroy, distort or exaggerate the natural delicate flavor of the fish. It is a culinary rite I am sorry to see fall into disuse. I want my fish to taste like fish, not to be drenched in some fearsome sauce, to reek of garlic, to be topped by almonds or melted cheese.

Crunchy fried fish, aside from the remote river restaurants along Old Man River, will soon be as extinct as the passenger pigeon or a publicity-shy politician. In a few homes, fish are still fried surreptitiously. In these fortunate homes they know and appreciate the true taste of good fish.

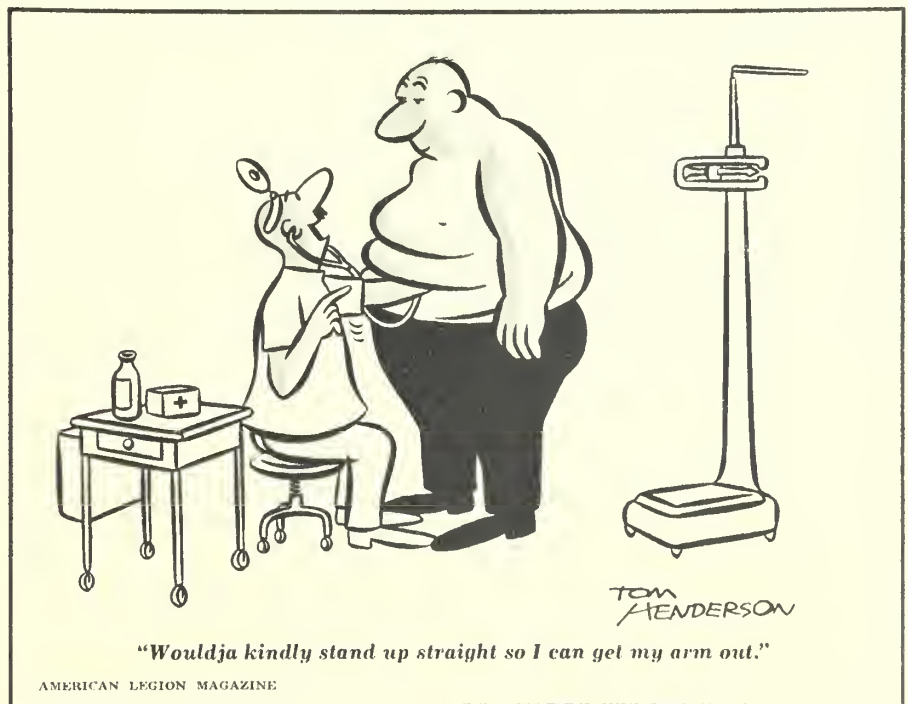
You would suffer considerable eye strain if you perused standard cook books in search of instructions for cooking green peas. The compilers of these culinary charts evidently believe that this is a type of cookery that every woman automatically knows.

No finer, more delicately flavored vegetable ever grew than the green pea, yet it is often ruined by inept cookery. It's been a long time since I tasted peas as my paternal grandmother once prepared

them; their haunting flavor is a nostalgic memory that plagues me to this day. She picked the tiny pods when the peas were smaller than the head of a parlor match. She washed them in cold water, snipped off the ends and dropped them in a heavy iron kettle. The covered kettle—no water!—went over a low heat and soon the peas simmered gently in their own delightful juices to a point where the pods were tender to the point of fragility. Then into the kettle went a prodigal but appropriate amount of butter, a modest sprinkle of salt and pepper. When the butter melted, the peas were ready for the table. They were a cheerful and inviting green, golden with butter—and each bite called for an immediate encore. Grandfather, a frugal Yankee, would grumble about the waste of peas that should have been permitted to mature instead of being cut down in their youth. But, as he grumbled, he gobbled—and a little smile took the sting out of his mild tirade.

I wonder if enough Americans fully appreciate the fine raw material we have available? I know intimately many of the best restaurant chefs in New York, master craftsmen and mostly trained in Europe. Their Continental cookery is superb, but they know my fondness for authentic American foods and try to cater to it.

"Over here, my cookery is superior to anything I ever did in Paris, Vienna, London or Rome," they will frankly admit. "Here, we have the finest, freshest fish in the world; the poultry, beef and mutton are superlative. The vegetables, fresh or quick-frozen, cannot be matched elsewhere. Your fruits are fresh, delicately flavored—your butter, milk and cream are packaged with a degree of sanitation that is unknown in Europe. No wonder your American foods are excellent. I wonder if Americans are fully conscious of how lucky they are to have such an abun-



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dance?" This isn't a verbatim report, but it is a composite opinion of experts.

We are lucky beyond all other peoples. We have the finest of raw materials — premium ingredients that formed the basis for memorable meals in the past, at a time when our best cooks put into each dish the most precious of all ingredients — a little love and genuine pride.

Happily, most of the food that reaches the American table is not wholly sectional in character. Instead, it often combines the finest from each area. If this is done, the quality, the variety is amazing. Amuse yourself by setting down some sample menus that combine the best from Maine to California, from Texas to Montana, and all points in between. Just to think of it makes me ravenous!

In all seriousness, I'd like to see staged an active and vigorous renaissance of traditional American cookery in its original simple form. If this is done, we will not lose a great talent, a precious heritage — the capacity to cook and serve superlative food and to do it with pride.

Certainly it is not necessary for us to

take up cooking of a sort recently touted by Miss Celeste Holm of the cinema. Miss Holm has recently composed a new dish of which she is proud. She cooks — and eats! — a dish composed of fried chicken, covered with a fantastic mixture of sweet cherries, cornstarch and Sherry wine. Miss Holm is obviously gorgeous, a fine actress. She lost an admirer, however, when I read her praise of what she calls Chicken Montmorency. We must keep our native American cookery clean and undefiled, free from similar sabotage.

The food of other years was superlative. Today's food can be equally good. If I'm wrong, then I'm just a nasty, opinionless old man, troubled with assorted nostalgic twinges and bent on stirring up dissent in the American home. Other males, I am confident, must share my curious complex. Is there another dissenter in the house?

"Food is somesing near holy, yet," a gentle little Pennsylvania Dutch woman once told me. I subscribe to that tenet. I had just eaten two helpings of *schnitz un knepp*, with buttons (dumplings) — a

dish composed of dried apples and a ham hock, tremendously fine. There had been a platter of green peppers stuffed with cabbage, pickled in a spicy vinegar — and there had been the traditional seven sweets and seven sour, two kinds of hot bread. The meal had concluded with two helpings of *parshing ponakucka*, a peach fritter that is out of this world. She shyly added that Pennsylvania Dutch food "ain't for fancy." Which is God's truth, but it's the most distinctive and delightful of all rural cookery — unchanged for two and a half centuries. Maybe that's why I am so fond of it!

Someone with a real spark of genius may solve this problem. Perhaps he will write a *new* book about old recipes, and so persuasively extol their virtues that old-time cookery will become fashionable and popular. To such an individual should be erected a memorial of gracious and enduring beauty. I'll be proud to make a speech at the unveiling. It may not be much of a speech, but it will be sincere, and the tears of gratitude in these old eyes will not be phony. THE END

Convoy

(Continued from page 13)

been to England. Three times. Why?"

Slim shook his head, grinning. "Gets a little monotonous, don't it?"

Parsons thought about that for a moment, then he said, "Yeah," and resumed eating.

The noise continued, but it was empty and strained. Johnny and Marty went up to the bow to relieve the watch for chow, and they were into the night, now. It was black and the wind was rising, and occasionally the *Foster* took a big one on the starboard bow and the spray lashed onto the three-inch platform, where they were standing.

Johnny remembered other nights like this. There had been only three weeks of them, for him, but they seemed to have crased most of what had gone before. You just stood up there in the cold and the dark, barely able to make out the shadow-shapes of the ships around you in the blackness. He recalled that evening, two weeks before, when they'd been off the Banks. He would never forget the sight of the tanker alongside them when it got hit; the first explosion and the initial tongue of flame that shot skyward, grew fiercely and with unbelievable speed until it engulfed the entire ship, the whole thing a vast and towering torch that dispelled the fog and fought off the approaching night.

He said to Marty, "You like this duty, Marty? The Armed Guard?"

Marty's shoulders moved in a heavy shrug. "We got nice mottoes like, 'Sighted Sub. Glub! Glub!' and 'Ready, Aim, Abandon Ship!' What the hell difference does it make if I like it or not. I'm in it."

"I think when we get back from this trip I'm going to put in for transfer to the Fleet." He'd be sailing with guys like Slim Baker, then. In the real *Navy*, where everyone knew what they were doing. He wouldn't have to bother with the kind of chicken that Parsons was handing out. Hell, you could see the difference between Baker and Parsons right away. It was in

their clothes, even. Slim *dressed* like a sailor. Sharp tailor mades and West Coast blues, the angle of his hat just right. He talked Navy. Someone had said Parsons had been a lobster fisherman, up in Maine. He hadn't changed at all. He should still be grabbing at those lobsters.

"Not *when* you get back," Marty said. "If you get back. From what I understand, this is gonna be a rugged little deal."

"You've been paying too much attention to Parsons. I'll bet it isn't that tough."

"The hell with Parsons. He ain't been up here. But I know guys that have."

And the cold bit into Johnny again, and he was aware of the chow resting uneasily in his stomach.

Marty was wearing the headset, and Johnny heard him say, "Yeah, everything's just dandy. The kid and me are havin' a marshmallow roast. Yeah, all right."

He held his hand over the mouthpiece and swore. "That damned Parsons, checkin' us from the stern. That skunk is like a watchdog. Where'd he think we'd be?"

In a little while Higgins and Stein came forward to take the watch again, and Johnny followed Marty down out of the tub. They made their way aft along the leeward side, and the *Foster's* motion was sharper, now, more abrupt. Marty yelled, "It's gonna be a hell of a night. You better tie yourself in that sack."

They made their way in through the blackout curtains and crossed through the ship to the messroom. The ports were dogged shut and the room was stale with smoke and empty except for Slim Baker. He was playing solitaire! He looked up at them and grinned. "The chow hounds didn't eat so good tonight, and now all of them have hit the sack. Guess everybody's a touch nervous about tomorrow."

Marty said, "I know where I'd rather be tomorrow. Home. Chicago. Leanin' against a bar with a big fat beer in my hand. That stinkin' Hitler!"

Slim shrugged. "Now you take this trip.

Liable to have no trouble at all. Just coast in there and tie up in a couple of days. What's everybody frettin' about, I'd like to know? Hell, what'd they expect when they joined up in this outfit?"

"I figured on a little sleep," Marty said. "An' I'm gonna get some right now. You comin', kid?"

Johnny looked at Slim, the cigarette dangling jauntily from his mouth. He'd like to stay and talk with Baker, but he felt the need of rest. He said, "Yeah, Marty," and followed him out of the room. He said, "Hell, we have to get up in a couple of hours for that eight-to-twelve."

Marty nodded. "An hour and a half. So Mr. Moran gets an hour and a half's sleep."

Johnny didn't sleep. He hit the sack and lay there thinking of many things. Of home, and of how the world had changed for him in a few short months. He remembered the ordered confusion of the Armed Guard Center, in Brooklyn, when he had first come up from gunnery school. He recalled the first time he'd seen the *Foster*, in Philadelphia. She'd been empty, then, tied up to the dock and just as untidy as every ship in port. She'd been strange, his first ship, and the other thirty-odd members of the gun crew had been strange. But he knew them both well, now, the ship and the crew. He was part of them both, part of the anxiety and the fear that had come aboard with the certainty of their destination.

It was Parsons who came into the compartment to get him for the watch. Didn't the slob ever sleep? Parsons said, "Dress warm, it's cold up there."

That was news. It had been cold ever since they'd left Philly. Marty Moran came awake under the shaking hand of the coxswain and swore in a low voice. "All right. All *right!* I'm awake, damn it!"

They dressed quickly and went down to the messroom for coffee. Slim Baker grinned at them over his cards. "You boys git up there, now, and keep good watch

over us sleepin' infants." Slim had the mid to four watch. "Don't forget to wake me up on time. Hate to be late for a watch."

Marty dragged on a cigarette "Parsons'll wake you up. He ain't failed yet."

Slim said, "Parsons," and shook his head. "That boy sure learns hard. Takes himself too serious. Have to talk to him about relaxin'."

They went out, and the night was bitter. When they were on the gun platform, Higgins and Stein scurried for the ladder. Stein said, "Just don't try to spit or you'll get hit in the puss with an icicle. Have a nice time."

The night was as black as a midnight sewer, and as healthy. About halfway through the watch, Marty said, "Listen to that!"

But Johnny had heard it. Somewhere off on the left flank one of the escorts was dropping depth charges. The soft *whumff*—*whumff*, came to them clearly. Marty cursed bitterly. "That's all we need to-night, a couple of torpedoes." The wind had risen steadily and was now half a gale. They knew the motion of the ship so well, now, that when a big sea broke against the bow they both automatically sought shelter under the steel rim of the gun tub before the spray swept over the platform.

"Subs out there," Marty said, "and we have some fine protection. A half dozen converted trawlers that would have to bust their boilers to do more than ten, twelve knots."

And five minutes later the lead ship in their column, the outside one on the left, got it good. They heard the terrific explosion, saw the sheet of flame rip from the side of the freighter. Marty moved fast and hit the general alarm switch. He said, "We're thoughtful. We give all hands a chance."

In less than a minute the three inch gun crew was on the platform, and they were running for their own gun, up on the flying bridge. The excitement was a dryness in Johnny's throat, a weakness in his legs that made it difficult for him to go up the ladders, a haste that forced his hands to lose their surety on the railings.

They swerved past the hit ship, and they could see that she'd been holed forward, on the port side. There was a fire on the foredeck and even now she was listing badly.

They stayed at general quarters for a half hour. The escorts were chasing something off to the west, the sound of depth charges marking the route of their endeavors, but the immediate danger seemed to be over. The gun crew was dismissed from general quarters and Johnny resumed with Marty their watch on the bow. "Never a dull moment," Marty said. "If it ain't that damned Parsons it's submarines."

The rest of the watch was without incident, and when Slim Baker and Eddie Butler relieved them at midnight, Slim said, "You boys got no regard at all for ol' Slim's sack habits, routin' me out like that." And Johnny could sense the grin if he couldn't see it. It was good to have someone like Baker around. No nerves at all.

They went below and into the messroom for coffee. Parsons was there, his face

white and strained, a cup of coffee in his hand. He said, "You see it?"

Marty nodded "She got it right in the pumpkin, on the port side. I figured I might as well get everybody out, as long as they were workin' on this side of the convoy."

Parsons nodded. "It was all right. If you figure you ought to hit that switch, hit it." He raised the coffee to his mouth and Johnny noticed that his hand was shaking.

Johnny drew a cup of coffee for himself and one for Marty, brought them back to the table. Saunders and Morgan and Antonelli came in, and Saunders said in his thin voice, "Did you see that one go? It was the *Harry Salmon*. Gee, I know a lot of guys on that. I wonder if she'll stay afloat."

Parsons shook his head "Not from what I saw. If she stays up for an hour they're lucky, but they'll have plenty of time to get the boats over."

That would be nice, Johnny thought. Out in an open boat on a night like this. He said, "The escort'll pick 'em up?"

Marty nodded. "Sure. If they can find them. They'll be glad to pick them up."

Parsons got up from the table. "You fellows ought to get some sleep. Tomorrow might be a rough day." He lit a cigarette, and Johnny noticed that he had trouble with the match. He felt a deep nervousness within himself, but he knew that Parsons was in a worse state. He said, "Come on, Marty. Let's hit the sack." He was suddenly a little sick. He didn't want to stay here any longer and watch Parsons.

They went to the compartment, took off the heavy gear. But sleep did not come easily to Johnny. He knew that their danger tomorrow lay not so much from submarines as from planes. They were only a few hundred miles off the coast of Norway, and each hour would bring them necessarily closer to German-held bases.

And he wondered what an air attack would be like. He'd seen submarines strike, but he'd never seen a sub. You just

stood up there helplessly and wondered who'd get it next. You weren't expected to do anything because there was nothing to do but wait.

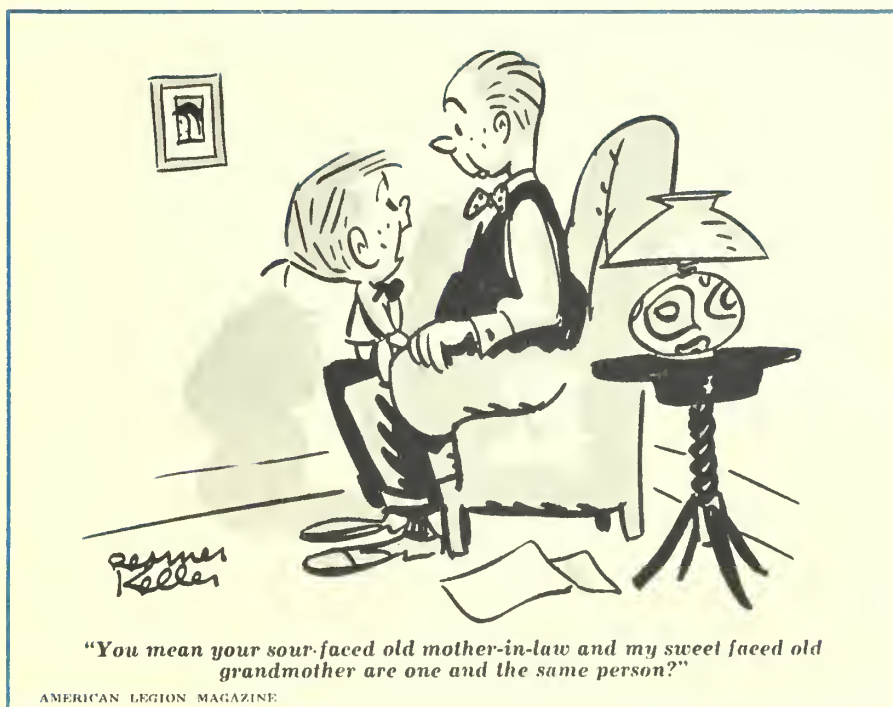
But with planes it would be different. He knew he'd be scared, but how would he act? All he had to do was load for Marty and keep his eyes open, but you could make a mess of that if you weren't careful. How could you know how you'd react to a situation you'd never met before? Suppose he got so scared he'd freeze? Suppose he loused up the loading, and Marty started to shout at him? Suppose he got hit? Suppose . . .

It seemed that he'd just fallen asleep when someone started to shake him. He came out of it slowly, a heavy taste in his mouth, drenched with sweat. It was Parsons. It was always Parsons. The coxswain said, "Come on, Ordway. Be dawning in a couple of minutes. Just starting to break."

Every morning, general quarters at dawn. Anything to keep you from sleeping. The compartment came slowly and profanely awake, but it quieted suddenly. Johnny looked around him and saw the others dressing in the warm gear. Usually the squawking was prolonged, the dressing delayed until the last moment. But not today. Today no one had to be awakened twice. Today they were all up at the first call, all wide awake. Today, something said, would be different.

It was still dark when they got up on the flying bridge. Dawn was a faint promise in the northeast and though the wind had died somewhat, it was bitter cold. "Heaters," Marty said. "They ought to have electric heaters in these damn gun tubs."

Parsons and Mr. Rawley were heavy shadows on the flying bridge, and Johnny had the headset on as all the gun tubs checked in. Mr. Rawley's voice was unhurried and even as he said, "In case of an air attack, remember our procedure. No gun is to fire until I give the word. The three inches will be first. Use the



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

longer fuse settings to start with, then the shorter ones as they come in closer. And wait for the word." He coughed, and it sounded like an explosion in the headset. He said, "And the 20mm's. Not until I give the word. And not until the range is under a thousand yards. Remember what you've been told. If you fire before that, you'll have an empty magazine just when the plane is within range. Wait until I give the word."

The ensign wasn't twenty feet away from them, and Marty could hear him without the headset.

Johnny said nothing. He looked across the bridge and could make out Slim Baker, lounging against the gun, confident and untroubled. In his own stomach there were mice parading, and he tried to swallow and could not.

The eastern sky brightened slowly, and it was Marty who said "Johnny! Listen"

And he heard it immediately, the far-off sound of motors. Marty yelled across the bridge. "Planes! Hear 'em?"

There was no mistaking the sound, now. A heavy whine at first, it had become stronger, a pulsation of engines that held down one corner of the sky.

Mr. Rawley's voice came over the phone. "All right. Stand by, now. If they come in from the right, don't be in a hurry. There are plenty of ships over there. Keep a good lookout on the port side."

They heard the firing from one of the escorts, far off to the right, before they saw the planes. A hazy sun started to lift out of the northeastern horizon when someone shouted, "Here they come!"

Johnny saw them, spots against the sky off in the east, growing larger even as he watched. He tried to count them, put the number vaguely at thirty. The ships in the outside right column started to fire, then. He heard the sharp, flat sound of three inch fifties, and almost simultaneously black puffs of smoke appeared in the sky, far short of the planes.

He watched, feeling no part of it, until

the planes were closer and flying into the tiny black clouds, and then he heard the first racketing of the 20mm's in the first column of ships. He saw the splash of the first falling bomb, and then he heard Parsons yell, "On the port side! Watch them on the port side!"

He ripped his eyes from the planes he had seen and searched the sky to port. He spotted the two formations of planes almost immediately, farther away than the others, but lower. He heard Mr. Rawley shout, "On the three inch! Fire!"

Both three inch guns erupted at once, and Johnny looked for the bursts in the sky.

Marty, holding fast, muttered, "How-inell does that ensign tell when it's a thousand yards? He got a ruler or something?"

Looking to port Johnny saw something else. Slim Baker's gun, directly across the bridge from him, started to fire. It got one shot out, and then Johnny stared amazedly as the barrel of the 20mm curved out over the side and fell into the sea a hundred feet from the ship. For a moment he didn't know what had happened.

And then every gun on the ship was going. Baker had set them off, they were following irresistibly his lead. The sound of his gun had pulled the trigger on the rest of them.

But Marty wasn't firing. He was strapped into the shoulder pieces, the cigar butt was in his face, and he was cursing slowly. He said, "Two thousand yards if it's an inch. You might as well throw potatoes at them."

Johnny looked up and the planes were coming in fast, now. Fast and low. He tried to make himself small behind the shield of the gun and fear was an ache in his throat, a parched dryness in his mouth.

And then the gun started going. Marty was hanging in the harness, his face intent, and Johnny watched the tracers arc up with an astonishing slowness toward the

lead plane, miss it, come back and search for it again, lose themselves seemingly in a wing.

Then the plane was over them with a roar that washed the deck in its fury, and there was another coming in. Above the punching bark of the 20mm, Johnny heard the first bomb fall. The whistle was high and piercing, the tone lowering and flattening as it came closer. It burst into the sea fifty feet on the starboard side in a geyser of water.

Then he was aware of Marty. He was shouting, "Get it off! Gimme a new one! Don't stand there!"

And he had the magazine off and was slapping a new one into place and the gun was going again.

How long it went on he did not know, but the firing slackened and ceased, and Marty stood upright in the harness and said, "All right let's get cleaned up. They might be back."

The action had seemed to take an incredibly long time, but there were only three empty magazines over near the ready box. He looked out at the convoy, and as nearly as he could tell, two ships had been hit, one in the center column, one out far on the right. Heavy smoke was rising from them both.

He looked across the bridge, and Parsons was in Baker's gun tub, working furiously on the 20mm. Marty said, "Did you see that? The guy starts firing at three thousand yards and sets off the whole works. Did you see that barrel go over the side?"

Johnny said, "Yeah. What happened?" "The slob just forgot to turn it and lock it when he put it in. It ain't enough he should shoot bullets at them Dutchmen. He's gotta throw the barrel at them."

Marty was laughing.

Johnny felt weak. Good, but weak in the knees. It had all happened so fast that he'd had no chance to think about it. He'd just loaded and watched Marty, and at times the planes. He wondered about it, now, trying to bring it back, and not being able to. It was too close.

Across the bridge he heard Slim Baker say, "I sweah I don't know how it happened. Must be somethin' wrong with that damn gun." His voice was thin, now, and high-pitched.

"You forgot to lock the barrel when you cleaned it," Parsons said flatly. He was bent over the gun, working fast. "Give me a new face piece out of the spare parts box." He took out the old, adjusted the new. "All right. Put the spare barrel on. And don't forget to lock it." When it was in place he cocked the gun and said, "Get a magazine on." Hoyt, the loader, put a magazine on the gun. Parsons fired a short burst, then stepped away from it. He said, "It's all right. Hoyt, you're the gunner on this thing from now on. You load for him, Baker."

Marty had been watching, too. He said, "I wonder what Baker's friends in the Fleet would say about that. Probably give Parsons all kinds of hell."

The firing started again, off to the right, and they looked up and the planes were back. They were lower, now, and Johnny tried to remember what he had learned of aircraft identification and could recall

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS

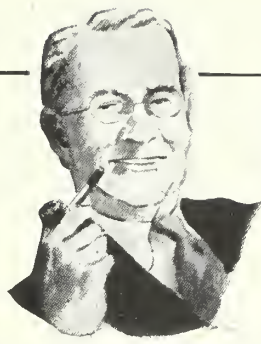


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nothing. He thought they might be Focke-Wulfs, but he wasn't sure.

There was a group attacking from the bow, and Johnny saw the tiny flashing lights along the wings. The gun was going, Marty hunkered down, trying to keep the plane in his sights as it went overhead. Johnny heard, almost absently, the sound of bullets going into the stack, and then Marty shouted something unintelligible and was sagged in the gun, supported only by the harness.

Johnny got him loose, somehow, dragged him to the highest of the three tiered steps in the gun tub. Marty said, "In the leg! The



Advertisement

From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Why "Moose" Changed His Mind

Last week, parents in town were calling Moose Jackson on the phone—and kids were hooting at him in the streets. All because Moose fenced in his field near the depot, where the kids like to play ball.

Moose got sore the way folks acted—refused to budge. Then Doc Sherman, who likes to play centerfield himself sometimes, decided to "use a little psychology on him."

Over a friendly glass of beer at Andy's Garden Tavern, Doc says, "Sorry this had to come up, Moose. We were thinking of asking you to umpire—what with your professional experience and all." (Moose used to play a little semi-pro ball.)

That did it! Next day Moose put up a stile over his fence. In return, the kids promised not to cause any damage. From where I sit, when you try to understand the other fellow's point of view—like his preference for beer or coffee—and then take into consideration the will of the majority, why, things seem to go better all around.

Joe Marsh

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The American Legion Magazine • August, 1950 • 45



leg!" And Johnny fumbled until he found the hole in the winter gear. Marty said, "It's all right. Leave me alone. I'll take care of it." And Johnny left him and went to the gun.

He straightened it out, took off the empty magazine and got another from the ready box, snapped it into place, then belted himself in to the gun. The planes were coming over in bunches, and he tried to keep the gun on them. He remembered what he'd been insistently told, "Lead them. Lead them. Lead them." He tried to keep them coming into the center of the ring sight, kept his bursts short until he was pretty sure he was on the target. And in a moment the gun stopped bucking and he knew the magazine was empty. He started to take off the straps and someone said, "Stay there, Ordway. Stay in there."

It was Parsons. The same flat voice that woke him morning, noon and night, the same pale, angular face. He pressed up the catch lever and Parsons took off the empty magazine and put on a fresh one. The planes were coming in again.

He didn't know how long it lasted. A merchant seaman was loading for him the next time he had an empty magazine. He remembered clearing a stoppage with the cartridge case extractor, doing it automatically, as if Parsons was watching him with the ship tied up to a dock. He watched, in one satisfactory moment, his

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tracers slide into the belly of a ship and stay there as he moved the gun up slowly. He saw the patch of flame burst forth, and then the plane was gone out of sight and another was coming in over the bow.

But suddenly it was over and the silence pounded against his ears. He looked at the merchant seaman beside him and saw that it was Curly. Curly said, "It looks like they might be through." Then he said, "I think you got one, kid. I didn't see it fall, but I'll bet a month's pay that monkey ain't goin' far."

Johnny looked around. Parsons was working on No. 5 gun, just aft on the bridge, clearing a jam. The sky was clear of planes, and the drone of motors was fading in the distance. He looked at the convoy, and there was smoke rising from four or five ships, now, and two others had dropped behind. One of them was listing badly.

He said, "We didn't get hit?"

Curly shook his head. "Close a couple of times, but no cigar."

He thought of Marty, then. He unhooked the belt that held him to the gun and went around to the other side of the tub. Marty was sitting up. His face was twisted in a grimace but the cigar was still in place. He said, "I think I got a busted leg. I stopped the bleedin', but I think it's busted."

Parsons was climbing into the tub, then. His face was white and his mouth was working nervously. He took a long look at the sky then said, "How's it, Marty?"

Marty shrugged. "I think it's broken. It don't hurt—yet."

Parsons looked at him, then moved fast to the outboard side of the tub. He was hugely sick into the sea. In a moment he turned back to them, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Every time," he said. "Every time after an action." His face had resumed its set lines. He looked at Johnny and said, "I saw you clearing a jam." There was the trace of a grin on his mouth.

Johnny nodded. "A torn cartridge in the firing chamber."

"You have trouble with it?"

Johnny shook his head. "No trouble."

Parsons almost smiled at him. "I guess maybe you know the gun pretty good. You did fine, Ordway. I think you got one."

"Damn right he did," Curly said. "Damn near cut the thing in half."

Parsons said, "Sure," but Johnny could see he was thinking of something else now. Parsons voice was back to its normal flat harshness. "Let's get Marty below, and then I want those magazines reloaded. Those bastards'll be back. Will you help the kid, Curly?"

"Sure," Curly said. "The kid and me get along fine."

Then there was the business of getting Marty below, and afterward Johnny and Curly lugged a couple of boxes of ammunition up and started greasing cartridges and filling the magazines. Johnny felt himself starting to loosen up. He was weary, but it was an excited tiredness.

He went over the whole thing in his mind. He was scared, even now. And when they came back he would be scared. But he knew he didn't have anything to be afraid of within himself.

He looked across the bridge, and Slim Baker was in the other tub, loading magazines with Hoyt. He hadn't thought of Baker since the first attack, but now he did. He thought of him for a moment and was suddenly sorry for him. And then he forgot him.

There was a sentence repeating itself in an inner ear, and he listened to it. It was a flat, harsh voice saying, "You did fine, Ordway." He grinned to himself.

He looked down on the foredeck and saw Parsons climbing up onto the three inch platform and talking with Harris, the gunners' mate. That Parsons was a work horse. All over the damned place.

He said to Curly, "It's sure nice to have someone like that Parsons around. Somebody who knows his business." He went to work again, greasing cartridges. His hands were a little shaky, but then he remembered Parsons being sick over the side. He grinned and kept working.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

How You Made 3,000,000 Kids Happy

(Continued from page 27)

One serious hurdle loomed in front of every Post as it prepared to ship its toys—the matter of the freight bill to Philadelphia. The more toys a Post collected the more it would have to pay—rather a frightening prospect for any Post, but something even worse for the far distant Posts on the other side of the Mississippi. Eddie McGinnis, the Legion's National Publicity Director, went with this problem to William T. Faricy, President of the Association of American Railroads, asking if the railroads would ship the toys to Philadelphia without charge as their present to European kids. Faricy agreed to recommend this to the roads, but had to remind the Legion that each road must make the decision for itself. He also pointed out that by law the railroads were forbidden to carry freight free unless written notice were furnished that this was in the interest of the United States Government.

TIME was short and things looked black when McGinnis's assistant George Kelly and Drew Pearson's right hand man Fred Blumenthal put the matter up to Howland Sargeant, the State Department's Acting Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, on the morning of December 29th. But so thoroughly were Sargeant and his colleagues in State convinced that TOT was both sound and desirable that within an hour the Government had okayed the

free-freight request, in writing. Before nightfall Faricy had word out to the 131 members of his association with his recommendation of affirmative action. Within a few days every member of the railroad association had come in on the plan. In case any local freight agent failed to get the word and refused free freight, said the railroads, just ship the toys to Philadelphia collect, and the roads themselves would pick up the tab. When a large number of packages sent collect through the Railway Express Agency piled up at the port Mr. Faricy spoke to the Agency people, and they voluntarily assumed the charges.

MEANWHILE, throughout the nation the job of collecting, crating and shipping went on. Most of a final total of three million toys poured on to Pier 38 South in the last ten days of January, from every corner of America. There is not room in this article to particularize: This entire issue of the magazine would be needed to give credit to the Posts and individuals who did yeoman work in this greatest of all the humanitarian jobs the Legion has undertaken in its 32 years of existence. Mayors of many cities helped out by proclaiming a Tide of Toys Day or Week. Roughly a third of the Governors of States did the same. Schools, police, firehouses, department stores, churches and local newspapers all helped amass the toys.

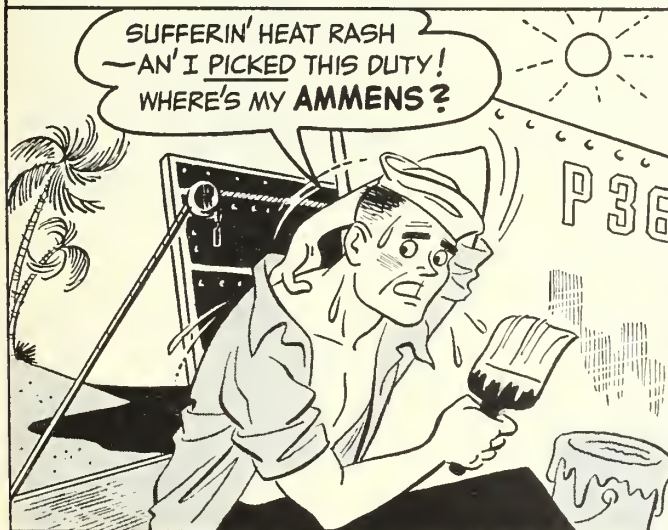
So that adults without children might participate in the drive the Legion announced that it would accept cash gifts to send toys to Europe, and a special account was set up in a Philadelphia bank. Irving Geist, New York City philanthropist who early offered his personal services to Tide of Toys, also made a cash gift of \$2,500. Several thousand smaller cash gifts, the equivalent of one or a few toys each, brought the total cash receipts as of mid-April to \$5,257.18, every cent of which was spent directly on Tide of Toys. Examples of gifts were a two-dollar donation from a California woman with a \$38 pension, and a \$10 gift for toys for children in Bastogne from a veteran in Tacoma, Washington, still hospitalized from wounds received at Bastogne.

BIGGEST bill footed by the Legion itself was a little less than \$14,000 rendered by the Mack Warehouse Corporation in Philadelphia, which did a tremendous job of handling over several months and billed for cost only. Total bills to the national Legion directly chargeable to Tide of Toys amounted to about \$15,000—or half a cent for each toy delivered from Hometown, U. S. A. to Cribside, Europe. The larger bill was paid in deeds, not cash, by the people of America, big and little.

The Economic Cooperation Administration, which is the U. S. agency that administers the Marshall Plan, had said

THEN and NOW with AMMENS

by Dik Browne



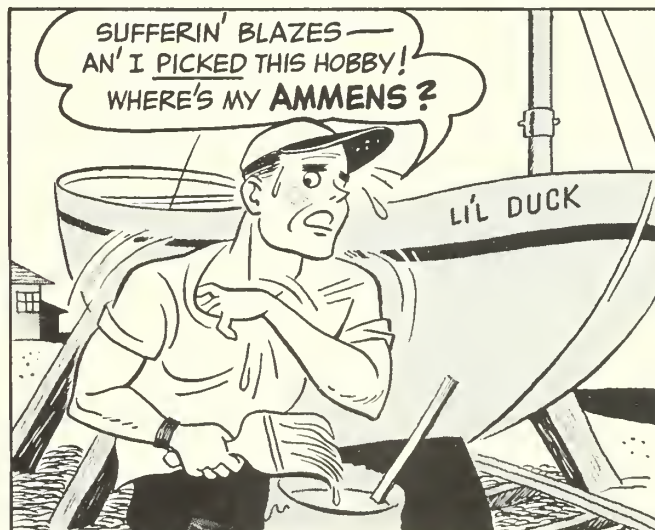
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At camp the tactical problems you have studied and planned during the past year will be put to the test . . . you will learn how a modern Army operates, by serving as a part of that Army . . . you will get field experience in your specialty . . . you will develop into a more efficient citizen-soldier.

But field training is not all work. There will be lots of recreation, too . . . swimming, baseball and all the other summer sports will be available. And, there will be plenty of time for bull-sessions with your fellow Reservists.

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Be sure to attend summer field training this year. Help your country . . . and yourself . . . by improving your efficiency as an Army Reservist.



If you are not a member of the Army Reserve—but are interested in joining—get full details on the *new* program from your local Reserve unit, or the U.S. Army and U.S. Air Force Recruiting Station in your locality. Without obligation, you will be told how *your* training and experience can be used . . . and what opportunities may be open to you . . . under the *new* ORC program.

Listen to **SALUTE TO RESERVISTS**. For time and station consult your local newspaper.

it would stand the cost of ocean shipment. Each country receiving ECA aid in turn agreed to reimburse CARE for internal freight expenses abroad. But that way part of the cost would have been borne by the U. S. taxpayer as an acknowledged supplement to the Marshall Plan.

THEN one day the Legion learned from Philadelphia that the Shipping Conference, prompted by Weaver of CARE, had authorized its member steamship lines to carry the toys at their own expense, should they so choose. The U. S. lines, whose *American Defender* was to load a

WALLY

I'm telling you you'll either have to put on a coat and tie - or wear a belt!! I won't have you sitting around the porch in those awful suspenders that way!!

But, my dear - this is the style now! All us boys wear 'em this way - it's real collegiate!!



(From July, 1936 A.L.M.)

big shipment for Amsterdam, decided to carry it free. Moore-McCormack Lines did the same on a shipment to Norway. Maersk Lines carried free a shipment to Germany. U. S. Lines took care of three more cargoes to France, England and Scotland at its own expense. Concordia Lines carried a shipment to Italy and Greece the same way. Then Belgian, Yugoslavia and Finnish government-owned ships transported cargoes of toys free to their countries, and Israeli Lines transported the final shipment to Israel. Thus the shipping lines undertook voluntarily all the expense of moving three million toys overseas.

Actual distribution of the toys was worked out through CARE and ECA in England, Scotland, France, Holland, Norway, Berlin, the three occupation zones of West Germany, Vienna, the U. S. Occupation zone of Austria, Greece and Italy.

In Belgium and Finland, which had been through greater woe than most of the

other nations, special arrangements had to be made. But they were made, and the kids got their toys.

WHAT of the communist countries of eastern Europe? Drew Pearson made the approach to Czechoslovakia, most western of the Soviet-dominated nations, through the embassy of that nation in Washington. For a month there was no answer, then this word came: Much as the Czech government would like to have its children receive toys, it could not but feel that The American Legion was more interested in discrediting communism than in making Czech children happy. So the answer was no.

In a sense the Czechs were right. The toys, coming from American children, would speak for themselves in language that would wipe out the hate-America campaign that has priority in the teaching of children in Soviet-dominated lands.

Yugoslavia proved to be something quite different. Its Washington embassy, contacting Belgrade, announced that it would be delighted to accept the toys, and would itself transport them overseas. So on March 1, 1950, the Yugoslav government-owned steamship *Srbija* (Serbia) picked up an estimated 150,000 toys at Philadelphia, for shipment to Rejika, Yugoslavia. The Legion was told that the Yugoslav Red Cross would distribute. The Legion did not supervise the job and as of this writing has no accounting of those toys, nor has it made an attempt to get one. We are certain the toys went to children, and children are innocent of war and politics.

For a time it looked as if our toys would, surprisingly enough, get into Poland. Casimir E. Midowicz of Chicago, vice president of American Relief for Poland, wrote the Legion that his group would be glad to get toys for Poland and would transport them overseas. Arrangements had gone so far that a Polish-American group had inspected the 180,000 toys allotted to that country and they were ready to be swung aboard a ship at Philadelphia, when suddenly the Polish communist government ousted the ARP executive in Poland. With that action went all hopes of getting Tide of Toys to Polish kids.

Poland's loss was Israel's gain. The gifts for Poland were offered Israel and speedily accepted. By then all other shipments had gone out. On April 20th the last load of toys left Philadelphia, carried free by Israeli Lines aboard the *Akka* for Tel Aviv. In this case the Jewish Relief Agency for Palestine was able and eager to handle distribution and relieved CARE of the job.

PREVIOUSLY, Belgium and Finland had presented special problems because CARE couldn't take on the job in those countries. The Legion contacted the Belgian ambassador to the U.S., Baron Silvercruys — an impressive, dignified, veteran diplomat. The Baron relayed the problem to his government in Brussels. The Belgian government speedily arranged for shipping and distribution. On March 21st a ship of the Belgian Lines picked up nearly 150,000 toys in New York. (The ship couldn't

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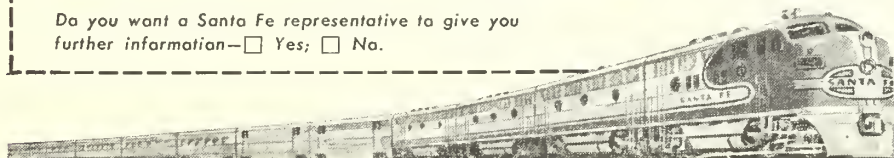
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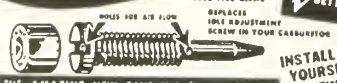
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arrange a Philadelphia stop, and the Pennsylvania Railroad ran the load to New York in two freight cars at its own expense.)

The same procedure was worked out via the Finnish embassy in Washington. On February 15 a Finline ship left Philadelphia for Helsinki with over 120,000 toys to be distributed by the official Finnish welfare agency.

CARE missions worked out distribution in the rest of war-damaged Europe. On March 4, 1950, a special committee of four Legionnaires flew to Europe to attend "kick-off" toy distributing ceremonies in several European countries. American Overseas Airlines flew the committee across and back at its own expense, with the required approval of the Civil Aeronautics Board. The group included National Chaplain Edward J. Carney, O.S.A.; Herman Luhrs, Chairman of the Legion's National Public Relations Commission; Walter Alessandroni, Pennsylvania Department Commander, who had been Port Director and chief Legion worrier at Philadelphia, and George Kelly, Assistant Public Relations Director, who had been the guy on the telephone and typewriter and general leg man in Washington during the entire Tide of Toys campaign.

OFFICIAL kick-off for Europe was in Berlin, where 147,000 toys were distributed by CARE. Berlin and a few other places were made special spots where the child population was saturated with toys. Even with three million toys such saturation was not possible throughout Europe. CARE has reported that every needy child in West Berlin received a toy. One of the Legion group described the Berlin kick-off in these words:

"CARE did a beautiful job. Funkturm Casino (radio center) provided an auditorium where three hundred kids from institutions such as hospitals and orphanages were invited for the opening ceremony.

"CARE gave a piece of candy to each kid as he came in the door. When Father Carney entered he offered his hand to a little girl who thrust her piece of candy into his hand. Thus Father Carney got a gift before he could give one in Europe."

Walter Alessandroni said of the Berlin opening: "The toys were laid out on tables all over the room and there were about 200 adults in addition to the kids—half of them Germans and half Americans. There was an orchestra on the stage and there was a puppet show. Clowns circulated throughout the two-hour program, so that the event was a carnival in itself. General Taylor came and spoke and finally the kids were turned loose on the toys.

"Later, when the ceremonies were in the past and CARE settled down to its real job the children from Russian East Berlin got toys. They just came over to West Berlin and took 'em back to their city of rubble and Russian statues."

CARE distributed about 300,000 toys in the U. S. zone of Germany, 324,000 in the British zone and 96,000 in the French zone.

The U. S. Lines' *American Flyer* arrived at Le Havre, France, on March 11

with nearly 340,000 toys for France. A dock strike threatened and French war veterans offered to unload the toys themselves. But the strike wasn't on that particular day and everything turned out smoothly.

LIKE Berlin, Normandy was fairly well saturated with toys for old times' sake. The two thousand children of Avranches each received a toy, all at once, at ceremonies in a makeshift field house. Many toys had been earmarked for Normandy kids by Legion Posts, with messages from old friends. Lafayette Post 37 of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., had adopted St. Lo right after the war, and Poughkeepsie's Tide of Toys was marked for St. Lo.

Throughout Europe toys went to children in most need—to cripples, invalids, the poor and the institutionalized. England and Wales received 240,000 toys. Sharman Douglas, daughter of U. S. Ambassador Lewis Douglas, made the first gift in Britain at ceremonies in the executive offices of Dr. Bernardo's Homes, a chain of orphanages. It is in the poorest section of London. The Lord Mayor of London was there.

CARE and ENDISI, Italian relief agency, distributed over 240,000 toys in Italy. The actual kick-off in Italy was at The Provincial Institute, on a hill outside of Rome. Three hundred children, from crawlers to 12-year-olds, took part—each age group wearing special dress. There was a big meeting of European diplomats in Rome that day, but U. S. Ambassador Dunn spent two hours at the ceremonies with his whole family. His little granddaughter gave the first toy—and with it a kiss—to an Italian girl her own age. This was an excellent orphanage, and the children were the liveliest seen by the touring Legion committee.

AFTER the ceremonies in Italy the first to get toys were the war-mutilated children. Italy has thousands of these juvenile amputees who were caught up and overrun by the shooting war, and the government has a special rehabilitation program for them. Rather than describe them here, let us simply let Americans know that they got the toys. It is unlikely that many of them ever had toys before.

Similar ceremonies were held in Scotland, where CARE distributed over 60,000 toys, and in Vienna, where that organization parceled out 120,000 toys for the kids in Austria's allied and international zones.

The traveling Legionnaires did not get to Greece, Holland or Norway, where CARE distributed, respectively, 120,000 and 60,000 and 18,000 toys.

Father Carney and Herman Luhrs have reported that Americans cannot possibly appreciate the emotions and especially the gratitude and pride of possession evidenced by the children of war on receipt of so simple a thing as a gift of one toy in an almost toyless world. Yet they say the toys meant even more to the parents, touched to the heart by this personal attention to their children who have suffered so terribly, though innocent of the violence, hate, intrigue, greed, jealousy and lust for power that have deprived them of true childhood.

THE END

Power Tools That Pay for Themselves

(Continued from page 21)

saw at right angles to the wood. Wood that's cut that way doesn't make good fitting joints. That's another reason power tools are good. It's easy to make a sound joint when you're through cutting."

"Okay, you've convinced me," I said. "Now what power tool should I buy first?" I went on to tell him about the jobs I had lined up.

"Selection of power tools is a personal matter," he told me. "What would suit Mr. Axelrod wouldn't do Mr. Zzyx a bit of good. It all depends on the kind of jobs you're going to do. What's your first big project?"



"Mom, remember yesterday you gave me a dime not to say 'darn' anymore? Well today I think I've got a word that's worth at least a dollar!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"Finishing off the attic — partitioning it and laying down a floor."

"Umm-hmm. If I were you, I'd buy one of those electric hand-saws. Most of the work on a job like that is cutting long timbers, 2x4's and the like, to length. Power hand-saw's ideal for those jobs. Not very expensive, either — around \$60 for one with a six-inch blade."

"But couldn't I use a bench saw just as well?"

"No. Sawing long timbers to length isn't easy with a bench-saw. Needs two people, one to hold each end. Even then it's risky. If the outboard end gets ahead of or behind the end you're cutting, it'll bind against the blade; that'll stall the saw or, worse, throw the wood out of the machine and maybe take all somebody's teeth out. With long pieces, a hand-saw's the thing. Besides, that's a tool you take to the work. With a bench-saw, you take the work to it. Not very handy in an unfloored attic."

So I bought the electric hand-saw and went to work upstairs. Though I'm not doing any work like that any more, this tool still comes in very handy. For instance, I always buy plywood by the sheet, and it's much easier to cut big pieces of wood by letting the work stay

still and moving the saw, than the other way around. (You try and move a four-by-eight-foot sheet of wood through a bench-saw, even with help, and you'll see what I mean.) The attic completed, my next project was a set of built-in book-cases at each end of the living room. So I went calling on Mr. Miller again. I told him what was planned, construction-wise, and asked, "Now is it time to get that bench-saw?"

"Yep. Now that you've got that rather special attic-building job out of the way, a circular saw is next. Power saw's one of the most useful tools you can get. Figure it this way. The kind of building you're liable to do consists mostly of taking a big piece of wood, cutting it into smaller pieces and fitting them together so they make something."

I hadn't thought of it that way, but I could see he was right.

"Power saw's good in another way," he went on, "you can use it for other jobs too. Put a dado head on it, and cut grooves — wide grooves in the uprights for shelves to fit into; narrow grooves to make a tongue-and-groove joint between two pieces of wood. Use it with a moulding head and a set of cutters and you can cut all sorts of ornamental shapes for decorative mouldings on furniture — or make picture-frames, if you feel like it."

As I was leaving, Mr. Miller stopped me. "They call the kind of saw you want a 'bench-saw' because you can mount it on one end of your work bench if you want to. Takes up valuable working space, that way, though, and you can't handle long pieces of work without getting into trouble. Much better to spend a few dollars and get a metal stand to go with the saw. Then you can set it out in the middle of the working space and have room to maneuver. Makes it easy to mount the motor, too; stand is drilled to take the mounting screws."

I bought a bench-saw, stand, half-horsepower motor and dado head; they cost me about \$125. The shaper attachment I figured I could wait for; the kind of work I had in mind didn't call for much in the line of decoration. One thing I did find wrong, though, was that the saw table was only 15 x 18 inches. It looked plenty big in the store, but it didn't work out that way with the rather large pieces I had to cut. So I bought an extension that bolted on the front of the table and brought it up to 15 x 25. The extra room in front of the blade made it much easier to handle big pieces.

Another thing worth-while as an extra was a set of long guide rails for the rip-fence. The standard set lets you cut widths up to 12 inches — not much when you're building furniture. But the long set allows you to set the rip-fence for widths up to 24 inches. (In either case, of course, you can cut greater widths by taking the fence off. But that's often unhandy, especially if you have to cut any number of pieces to the same size.)

One of the things that keep amazing me is how much help you can get out of some simple item. Take bar-clamps. When

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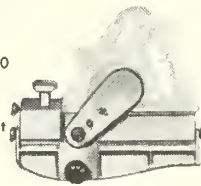
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Sander attachment mounts to 600 Saw, uses standard 4 x 27" cloth-backed belts. Quick, easy belt change. Strong aluminum frame. Chain belt drive and sprocket transmits power from saw arbor to sander. Model 630 Sander Attachment (with one sanding belt) \$49.50



AS A PLANER
— SAW

Planer attachment mounts to 600 Saw. 4" wide, three-bladed cutter head. Blades easily removed for sharpening or replacement. Maximum depth of cut 3/16". Bevel fence has safety guard. Chain belt drive and sprocket transmits power from saw arbor to planer. Model 640 Planer Attachment \$64.00



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I was sawing things up by hand and fastening them by nails, or maybe screws, I never even thought of clamping and gluing work. But with precisely cut and fitted pieces, I find furniture-clamps a tremendous help. I bought four, of the type that fasten to lengths of three-quarter-inch pipe; with them I can glue anything up to six feet in width. As a result, nearly all the joints I make these days are glued. No screws or nails at all. The joints are far stronger; they're neater, and the finished work retains its original form without warping or shifting.

When I had my first lot of bookcases assembled and ready to finish, I went to Mr. Miller again and asked him about a sander. He said, "A belt sander is what you need and it's going to cost you around \$55 for a 2-inch belt job. That's too expensive for one job, or even two. But if you're going to do any quantity of building, they're great. Hand-sanding is plain donkey-work. It's slow, it's maddening and it's almost as tiring as sawing by hand. But with a power sander, you do in minutes what would take hours to do by hand methods. Not only that, but you can use a sander for shaping up."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, say you're planning on putting a long bookcase up against a plastered wall, and you want it to fit really neatly. That wall looks flat. But you hold a nice straight-edged plank against it. You'll find that it's a quarter of an inch high here, and three feet away it will be a quarter of an inch low. There's nothing like a sander to shape the top of the bookcase so that it fits exactly against those curves.

"Or again, you're building a cabinet, out of three-quarter-inch plywood, so you won't have any trouble with warping. You want to round the top edges so the finished piece will have a modern look. With a portable sander and a little care, you can make those edges look as though they'd been done by machine."

He was right about that too. But one thing Mr. Miller forgot to mention was the dust a sander kicks up. It's amazing. Take my advice, do your sanding in the cellar, or outdoors. Try it in the living room once, and you'll have a divorce on your hands. Or maybe your wife will obey her first impulse and simply kill you.

Naturally, in speaking of sanders, I'm referring to the small, home type. Mr.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The following manufacturers of power tools can supply catalogues and helpful information about the use of such equipment:

Atlas Press Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Barron Tool Co., Detroit 1, Mich.

Belsaw Machinery Co., 315 Westport Rd., Kansas City, Mo.

Bink Mfg. Co., 3114 Carroll Ave., Chicago 12

Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Towson, Md.

Boice Crane Co., 930 W. Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Cummins Portable Tools, 4740 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40

Delta Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Duro Metal Products Co., 2649 N. Kil-dare Ave., Chicago 39

Emrick, Inc., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Skilsaw, Inc., 5033 Elston Ave., Chicago 30

Speedway Mfg. Co., 1834 S. Laramie Ave., Cicero, Ill.

Supershop Power Tools, Inc., 1205 Yates Ave., Beloit, Wisc.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Miller has a bigger one, with a four-inch belt. This uses a vacuum cleaner device, and inhales its dust as it goes along. This type is expensive and I've never used one. But it must be a great improvement if you can justify the cost.

When it came time for me to paint the various items I had made—and we postponed painting any of it until we could re-do the whole living room, built-in furniture included—I went seeking advice about spray-painting.

Mr. Miller proved to be as progressive as ever. He said, "Paint-spray's like a sander. Not worth buying for one job. But a great timesaver if you've got any quantity of painting to do. People sometimes think a paint-spray's a thing that only a professional can use. 'Tisn't. You've gotta take time to learn to use it—but then you've gotta learn to use a brush too.

"It's easier for an amateur to get a really professional-looking paint job with a spray than it is with a brush. Thing to do is practice. Maybe you've got a garage that could stand being painted inside; or the cellar walls could do with a coat of light colored paint. Main thing is to get some sizeable surface to work on. Learn how to spray evenly; find out how much thinner you've got to add to make up for what dries out while the paint's in the air. Next thing is to find out how to set the feed for different jobs, so you'll spray as fast as you can without getting too much on.

"Don't try to spray furniture indoors at first. Do it outside, or in the garage with the doors open. Take time to learn the knack. Spraying's a great time-saver on a big job. On little jobs, use a brush. Not worth setting up the spray, thinning and straining the paint and then cleaning the gun afterwards on a little project."

My spray gun cost me about \$35 with a quarter-horsepower motor. After I caught on to using it I found it most satisfactory, especially on backbreaking jobs like painting ceilings. A spray gun will do a ceiling in one-sixth the time you need with a brush; you don't end up with a kink in your neck, a sore arm and paint dripping off your elbow, either.

These are all the power tools I have bought so far; but I have already checked with Mr. Miller about the other common tools I might invest in. I mentioned the fact that I liked the idea of a lathe. He said, "A lathe? Well, if you're going to go in for making ornamental lamps, or hardwood bowls and so on, a lathe is fine. But for the things you need around a house to make it livable, especially in this day of plain, angular, functional furniture, a lathe isn't necessary. Fun to have, yes; but necessary, no."

"How about a band-saw," I asked. "Going to cut a lot of curves? If so, a band-saw's your machine. Good too, if you have to cut an occasional thick timber. But for plain right-angle sawing and cutting, a circular saw is as good or better. Besides, a bench saw will cut wider pieces, and it will also take attachments like a dado head that a band-saw will not."

"How about a jig-saw, then?" "A jig-saw, or scroll saw as some people call 'em, is great for model making, cutting short-radius curves, and the like. Way I see it, a jig-saw's fine in what you might call 'a really complete home workshop,' but I don't see it as a basic tool. Not for the type of work you have in mind."

"Do you think I need a drill-press, then?" "A drill-press. That's different. It's what you might call a multipurpose tool. Besides making nice, accurate holes in wood and metal, it can be used with the proper attachments for mortising, routing, drum-sanding and shaping. By and large,

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

I guess you might put a drill-press down as the next power tool you need.

"You must remember one thing, the type of tools you buy, and the order you buy them in, depends on the work you intend to do. Buy 'em in the order you need 'em, not the order they are in the catalogue. Sometimes, several people can club together and share the expense of some particular tool you'd all like to have. A sander's a good example. You don't need it often, but it's a great time saver when you do. It's a good tool to share expenses with, because casual carelessness isn't likely to harm it. But a bench saw would be a poor tool to buy on a sharing basis. If one member of the group is ham-handed, he can easily upset the adjustment of the saw to a point where it won't cut square, true or to size. Or again, he can be cutting a piece of scrap lumber and run through a couple of nails. Plays holy ned with the saw-blade. Those things can all be fixed, of course; but you don't get much fun out of sharing tools with people like that."

Several times while I was discussing tools with him, Mr. Miller came back to the matter of safety. He's fond of saying, "A circular saw's as dumb as hell. It'll cut through a finger just as soon as it'll cut through a board. If you're careless, if

you're the kind that cuts yourself often, or are always hammering your thumb—better lay off the power tools.

"Another thing, be sure and put guards around the driving belts. Don't risk getting yourself, your friends, or even a piece of wood caught in the machinery. If you have children, or if the neighbors' children ever come calling, make sure they can't start your power tools in your absence. Saws have a great fascination for kids. So put a lock switch on your saw, in addition to the regular operating switch. Keep the key on your keychain, and lock your saw when you go away, just like you lock your car.

"I don't know anything that will hurt you quicker, or care less, than a power driven wood-working tool."

When the question of power tools comes up in discussions with friends and neighbors, people often say, "Well, of course, they must be fun to use. But do they save you any money?"

The answer is, "Yes. Definitely." My outlay for the tools themselves has been about \$270, so far. I've spent around \$320 for lumber, paint and other supplies. But I've added at least \$2000 to the value of my house. That may not be money in the bank. But it's a darned good investment.

THE END

Are There Men on the Moon?

(Continued from page 23)

discoverer of Uranus, a famed British astronomer of a previous generation.

How had the discovery of life on the Moon been made? On the second day, the *Sun* told all: gave the description of the giant telescope with "an object glass of 24 foot diameter . . . cast by the large glass house of Messrs. Hartly and Grant . . . on the 3rd day of January, 1833." After polishing, it weighed 14,826 pounds and had a magnifying power of 42,000 times. With such power, objects on the Moon that were only eighteen inches in size could be seen and studied. In fact, Sir John even hoped that with this lens he might eventually study insect life on the Moon—if such existed!

This was the status of the story after three days. Now let's look behind the scenes and see what's going on in the editorial offices of the *New York Sun*. Let's see who was responsible for the hoax—and why.

In 1835 the *Sun* was a young paper, struggling against the fierce competition of the growing metropolitan press—seeking every possible advantage, fair or foul. Its editor was a young man named Richard Adams Locke. He had previously written several very popular articles for the *Sun* and had an understanding with the paper's owners that he would receive a bonus of \$150 for any such special writing in the future, particularly if it were of a circulation-building character. Locke was equal to the demand. He wrote the Moon story—every word of it out of whole cloth.

But it wasn't intended to fool anyone. To the contrary, Locke hoped that it would be so obviously absurd that it would put an end to a rash of pseudo-scientific writing that was glutting the daily press,

very little of which was founded on true scientific research.

Prime target of Locke's intended satire was a Dr. Thomas Dick of Dundee, Scotland. Dick was an astronomer of sorts and a prolific writer on scientific topics. He was also a prolific crackpot. Not the only crackpot of his day, of course, but to Locke he was the most representative of a group of writers who could not be satisfied with the actual progress of science, but felt that they must embroider and speculate.

If it had not been Locke's habit to read the scientific journals as a pastime, he might never have seen Dick's article in an old issue of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. In it, Dick had proposed that communication with living creatures on the Moon might be possible if the governments of Earth would appropriate funds sufficient to erect some huge stone symbols on the plains of Siberia. These, speculated Dick, would have to be of such size as to be visible by whatever inhabitants might be on the Moon, and would also have to have some basic meaning common to all living creatures and not dependent on any language.

The whole idea, including Dick's assumption that some reply would probably be made by the Moon-folk, struck Locke as completely ridiculous. The article excited his natural tendencies for writing satire. He decided to write a fraud of his own so unbelievable that no one could accept it, and thereby once and for all, kill the cheap trend in science-fiction writing.

At the outset, Locke made a mistake that almost doomed the credibility of the whole yarn. In saying that the article was being reprinted from the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, he committed an oversight.

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The magazine was out of publication. But in those days of slow communications, the error passed unnoticed. After all, the public didn't care *where* the *Sun* got the story. It was what the story *said* that had them drooling. The mass mind was fully primed to receive it.

After giving an elaborate description of how the telescope had been set up on a tableland near Capetown, Locke got to the meat of his story. On the fourth day he wrote, "It was about half past 9 o'clock on the night of the tenth . . . that the astronomer adjusted his instrument for the inspection. The whole immense power of his telescope was applied . . ."

What did he see? With the true sense of a showman, Locke baited his readers. At first, all that was "seen" were red poppies—whole fields of them, growing from volcanic soil. Then trees, "resembling the yews of English churchyards," then a lake "with a beach of white sand," and the water "as blue as that of the deep ocean."

"In the shade of the woods we beheld continuous herds of brown quadrupeds, having all the external characteristics of the bison."

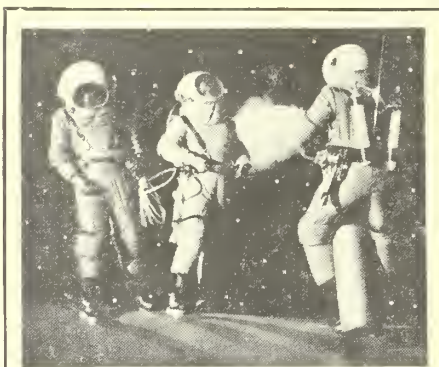
By the fifth day then, the hungry public had bison and red poppies. That life existed on the moon there could no longer be any doubt. With appetites whetted for more marvels, everyone waited. The story was snowballing into a matter of international importance. It was accepted as truth not only by a gullible few, but as complete fact by so many responsible persons that there is little wonder that the man in the street was overwhelmed.

The *Albany Daily Advertiser* said, "We have read with unspeakable emotions of pleasure and astonishment, an article from the last *Edinburgh Journal of Science* containing an account of the recent discoveries . . ." Note that the *Albany* paper did not say they had read this in the *New York Sun*. They said they read it in the original—the original that never existed. And the *New York Evening Post* added in praise of its competitor, "It is quite proper

that the *Sun* should be the means of shedding so much light on the Moon."

Readers of the *New York Times* got another interpretation. "The description of Sir John's recently improved instruments, the principle on which the inestimable improvements were founded, the account of the wonderful discoveries in the moon, etc., are all probable and plausible and have an air of intense verisimilitude."

Joining the parade were the *U.S. Gazette*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *New York Sunday News*, the *Mercantile Advertiser*, the *New York Commercial Ad-*



EXPLOITING current interest in space matters, the movies are going in for the subject. This is a scene from one such film, *Destination Moon*

vertiser—papers from coast to coast and all over the world. Who was to doubt the moon story? Not the man in the street.

A knowing few, however, did pronounce the story a hoax, but so great was the desire to believe, that the doubters were ignored. Writing some time later in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of which he was editor, Edgar Allan Poe said, "Not one in ten persons discredited the story."

Not only did most people fail to discredit the story, but some actually added credence to it with their own embellish-

ments, as if the work of Locke were not enough! One dignified gentleman in the crowd that milled daily in the street before the *Sun* building, told all who would listen (and who wouldn't?) that he had been at the East Indian Company docks in London when the seven-ton lens was loaded aboard an East Indian for its journey to South Africa. Therefore, he added, the statement in an early installment of the story which said the lens had been shipped from St. Catherine's docks must have been in error!

Another sidewalk sage told a gathering crowd that he had read the original copy of the *Edinburgh* periodical and could vouch that the *Sun* version was correct in every particular.

But back to the story itself. Public interest was at a fever level by the time the staggering disclosure was made of human life on the Moon.

"We counted three parties of these creatures," said the story, "of twelve, nine and fifteen each, walking erect towards a small wood . . . certainly they were like human beings, for their wings had now disappeared and their attitude in walking was both erect and dignified. Having observed them at this distance for some minutes, we introduced lens H.z. which brought them to the apparent proximity of eighty yards. They average four feet in height and were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair and had wings of a thin membrane, without hair, lying snugly on their backs from the top of the shoulders to the calves of the legs. The face, which was of a yellow flesh-color, was a slight improvement upon that of the large orangutan."

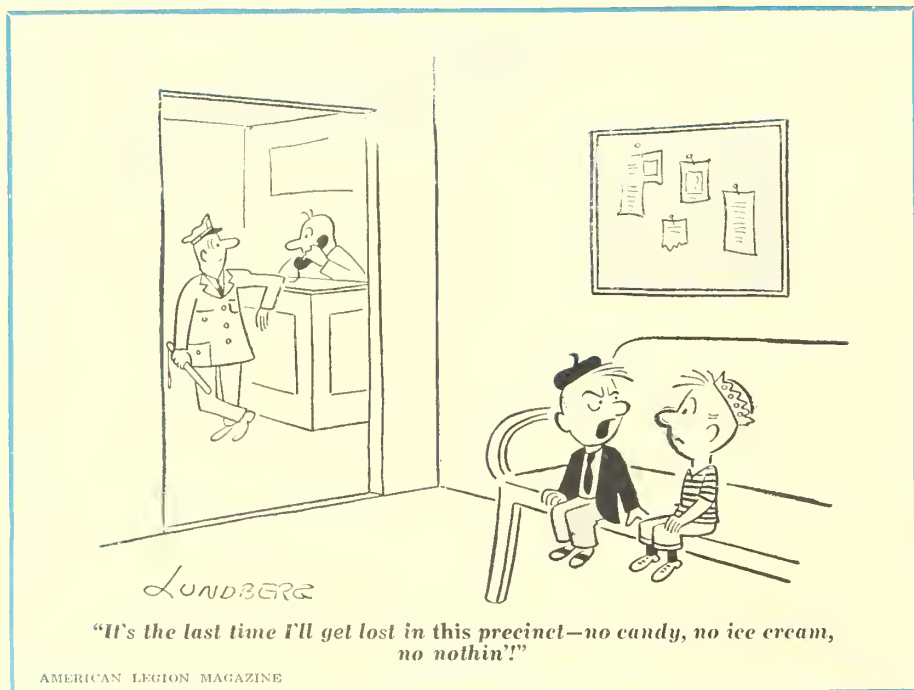
Later, the story went on, the observers saw temples, "equi-triangular, built of polished sapphire, or of some resplendent blue stone which displayed a myriad points of golden light twinkling and scintillating in the sunbeams." They also saw more "people" who were "chiefly engaged in eating a large yellow fruit like a gourd, sections of which they dexterously divided with their fingers and ate with rather uncouth voracity, throwing away the rind. A smaller red fruit, like a cucumber, which we had often seen pendant from trees having a broad, dark leaf, were also lying in heaps in the center of several of the festive groups."

"They seemed to be eminently happy people and even polite, for we saw, in many instances, individuals sitting nearest these piles of fruit select the largest and brightest specimens and throw them archwise across the circle to some opposite friend . . ."

"While thus engaged in their rural banquets, or in social converse, they were always seated with their knees flat upon the turf and their feet brought up evenly together in the form of a triangle . . ."

"We had no opportunity of seeing them engaged actually in any work of industry or art; and, so far as we could judge, they spent their happy hours in collecting various fruits in the woods, in eating, flying, bathing, and loitering about upon the summits of precipices."

"We scientifically denominated them the *Vespertillio-homo*, or man-bat; and they are doubtless innocent and happy crea-



tures, notwithstanding some of their amusements would but ill comport with our terrestrial notions of decorum."

By now, the circulation of the *Sun* had multiplied by five and the capacity of its chugging steam presses had been reached. Shrewdly, the paper's owners had an edition of twenty thousand copies of the Moon Story ready for sale in book form on the day after the last installment appeared. This sold out in three days. Illustrated editions sprang up and the yarn was translated into every foreign language. Bookbinders in New York were so flooded with orders for the Moon Story that it did not appear they would catch up for over a year.

Still there were those who cried in the wilderness and said the story was a complete fabrication. Among these was Dr. Dick himself—the faker who had started it all, now out-hoaxed. Yet even some of these disbelievers gave reasons which would not hold water. One said the story must be a hoax because "it is an established scientific impossibility to magnify a shadow." Had the man ever worn a pair of glasses, he would have seen for himself that the theory was as cockeyed as Locke's.

Locke himself, however, was disappointed that the story was received as it was and not as the satire he intended. He knew that as soon as the mails from the continent arrived in New York the whole affair would be exposed. He began to look forward to the day, but when it came, alas, the content of the mails only added fuel to the fire. British and French scientific journals were full of the news—and even the Edinburgh papers, which

should have been the first to recognize the fraud, reprinted the Moon Story as truth.

As a final tribute to the degree of belief accorded the story by the public, the ladies of Springfield, Massachusetts, assembled and voted to send missionaries to the Moon!

At last, Locke told the truth—over a too social glass—to a *Journal of Commerce* reporter. Surprisingly, the public took the disclosure in good spirit. Of course there were immediately thousands of self-appointed sages who claimed never to have been duped. Yet among the more frank and honest folk, there was many a hearty laugh at themselves—and perhaps a wistful wish that it might all have been true.

Maybe the only explanation is that Man isn't quite satisfied with his own Earth. Maybe he'd rather be "out there" on another planet, starting all over again to build the bright new world and fervently hoping that he wouldn't end up with what he's created here, including taxes, alimony, atomic sterilization and TV comedians. At least he's given every evidence of wanting to believe—almost hoping—that he's not really alone in an ever-shrinking Universe. He's been dreaming a long time. Now maybe his dream is about to come true. At least there is every prospect that he's soon going to be able to propel himself outward in space, becoming a citizen of the Universe somewhere along the route, with full rights to the new frontier and a space map in his back pocket that has great gobs of sky labeled "unexplored" as his challenge.

Maybe the next generation can be Lewis and Clark all over again. THE END

What Makes A Champion Drum Corps

(Continued from page 19)

Post 1523, of 55 Tiemann Place, New York City, winners in their first national senior competition, at the end of a long, hard trail going back 17 years.

When William St. John first got his nine-year-olds together in 1932 for Moe Wolff Post of the VFW, he infected them with his own passion for perfection. With that as a starter he was able to make the kids swallow a rigid discipline, without which, he taught them, perfection is impossible.

St. John, a persuasive talker, procured as musical arranger and bugle instructor the best man in the East, if not in the country—James J. Donnelly. As drum and drill instructor he got G. Edward Pierce, also tops in his specialties.

These two men, whose services have been available to other corps, are partly responsible for the general high level of eastern performance. When Pierce works out a maneuver for Garbarina Post he does it with toy soldiers and blocks and a slide rule. In corps practice every maneuver must not only look right, but must tally mathematically with Pierce's dummy plans.

St. John, who knew little or nothing about drums, bugles and drills, knew that he wanted only the best. And he was the boss, manager, moving spirit, disciplinarian and master psychologist.

Today, when Garbarina Corps marches

onto a field, it attracts attention, and its proud bearing rattles lesser competitors.

"When you go anywhere, hang your head high," St. John taught his boys. Though St. John has been dead five years, the boys believe what he told them so deep down in their bones that they don't know how to be anything but proud and sure of themselves.

Before the war, whenever more money was needed than sponsors could provide, St. John footed the bill. He scrounged for practice space—sometimes in an armory, sometimes on a Hudson River pier, in a parking lot if need be, in a rented music studio, in a Legion or VFW Post.

By 1940, St. John's boys were well known as the junior corps sponsored by Phoebe Apperson Hearst Post of the Legion. But in competition three other junior corps of the East were better most of the time. These three were the Grand Street Boys of New York, the Holy Name Cadets of Garfield, N. J. (National Junior Legion Champions today), and the Penn Treaty Cadets, of Penn Treaty, Pa.

Time after time one or more of these junior outfits finished ahead of William St. John's boys. Grand Street seemed always out in front.

"You will beat them. You will beat them," St. John insisted. "And the way to do it is drill, drill, drill."

They drilled and drilled and drilled; in

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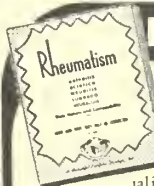
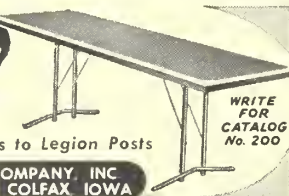
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parking lots, on piers, in halls. And just before the war Grand Street found its juniors winning less while Phoebe Apperson Hearst Post's were winning more. In 1940 St. John's juniors beat Grand Street for the first time—at the New York Department Legion Convention in Schenectady.

In New York City there is always a lot of shifting of boys from one corps to another. And now, what with Donnelly's music, Pierce's attractive maneuvers and the rise of St. John's juniors to the top, there was a noticeable drift of the best boys in other corps to St. John's group. Raymond Garbarina himself was a defection from Grand Street to St. John's perfectionists.

Then came the war. When it was over and the boys, now men, returned and formed Garbarina Post of The American Legion, they had only their service clothes for uniforms—a conglomeration of army, navy and marine garb.

They had to scratch for every penny. One of their old members, Hank Goldstein, was elected to take over St. John's managerial worries, and he went at it with an enthusiasm that almost wore him out.

To get uniforms the corps raffled off a car, every member peddling tickets. And a New York furrier, Sam Aaron, who had admired the corps and its spirit, became a devoted follower. He lent them \$1500 for instruments ("Pay me back any time").

Then came the four years of local competition, waiting for a crack at the national title. And now that Garbarina Post is the champion, the financial headaches are worse than ever. It will cost at least \$10,000 to get to Los Angeles and defend the title at the Legion National Convention this October. That's a lot of money to be raised by a bunch of young veterans just starting families of their own. "But we'll get there if we have to crawl on our bellies," they say.

It would be an unnatural position for these boys who "hang their heads high."

THE END



"Dear, I was just fooling when I said the biscuits were hard enough to bowl with. Besides, they're not even round..."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



FRIDAY FRANKS

New England's sagging tuna fishery faces a brighter future because two veterans developed something new in fish products—a tuna-filled frankfurter, which is similar in taste and appearance to the real thing.

Pasquale Fraticelli, a Boston lawyer in his forties, was doing army personnel work at Mather Field, Sacramento, Cal., when he made his first trip through a tuna plant. What he saw there made him wonder why tuna couldn't be used to make a fish-filled frank.

Daily consumption of frankfurters averages about three million pounds. It slumps to around a half million on Fridays. Here was an ideal market for a meatless frank.

Why hadn't somebody else thought of it first?

Somebody had. The first attempt at producing a fish frankfurter was back in 1840. It failed, and so did all other attempts until Fraticelli worked out his method of using tuna.

Discharged from the army in 1945, Fraticelli abandoned a law career of 20 years standing and decided to go into the fish business. Together with Robert Poling, a Boston spice expert, he worked on development of his tuna frank. Lack of money halted the tests after a few months.

That's where the second veteran—36-year-old John F. O'Hara, stepped into the picture. O'Hara heads Davis Bros. Fisheries of Gloucester, Mass., one of the East Coast's top fish processors. Any idea which might boost the fishing industry was worth investigating, he thought.

He discussed Fraticelli's idea with the lawyer and Poling. He checked their experimental development, and decided Fraticelli really had something. He purchased world rights from Fraticelli for an undisclosed sum and set to producing meatless franks.

Ironically, O'Hara's uncle lost considerable money back in the Thirties experimenting with a fish frank. But he failed because he tried to use cod and mackerel. These fish didn't have the meat texture that was satisfactory in appearance and flavor.

Tuna provided John O'Hara with meat of the right texture and appearance. An elaborate spicing ingredient developed by Poling provided the answer as far as taste was concerned.

After buying the world rights, O'Hara continued with development work on Fraticelli's fish frank, now christened Friday Franks. He found they could be produced in the same equipment used to

make regular frankfurters and soon set up a plant in Portsmouth, N. H.

Taste tests in consumer panels and in Massachusetts schools resulted in quick acceptance of Friday Franks. They were introduced to New England consumers in November, 1949, and were a prompt success. National distribution followed.

Because of the acceptance of Friday Franks, many New England commercial fishermen are rigging their craft to go after tuna which abound off the north-eastern coast. Employment in Gloucester, O'Hara's headquarters, already has increased by several hundred.

This boon to New England's fishing industry came because ex-GI Pasquale Fraticelli had an idea, and navy veteran John O'Hara had the know-how.

VICTOR A. SCHLICH

HOME-DELIVERED SHOES FOR KIDS

When C. B. McCorkle, former Air Force pilot, went back to his pre-war job selling paint in Portland, Ore., he thought of other things that might be sold. One idea that came to him was that a man could make a good thing out of selling children's shoes by making deliveries directly to homes. He reasoned that there are many mothers who find it difficult to take their children to town for a fitting and would find it much more convenient if the shoe man came to them.

The idea was so new that McCorkle was cautious about getting into it and decided to hang onto his regular job while he tried it on a part-time basis. He bought several dozen pair of children's shoes and advertised his service by direct mail to a list of mothers. The number of replies, and sales, encouraged him to the point of starting a full-fledged business as the Walket Home Shoe Service. He bought a station wagon, at a cost of about \$2500, and fitted it with racks to hold 1000 pair of children's shoes, priced at \$4.95 and up. His inventory thus represents an investment of between \$4000 and \$5000.

A modest advertising campaign has built his Shoemobile business to a maximum capacity of 20 calls a day. Mothers make their appointments for his call by telephone and he routes his visits by district throughout Portland. McCorkle works 10 to 12 hours a day, six days a week, and his net profit amounts to about \$500 a month. He plans to branch out with another Shoemobile in Portland and may expand to another city with a similar service. McCorkle is a member of American Legion Post No. 1 in Portland, and operates his business from 1005 S. W. Wood, Portland, Ore. W. J. GRANBERG

The Reds Reach for Your Wallet

(Continued from page 15)

have so little understanding of the true conspiratorial nature of its adversary than we have.

Busy as we are with the humdrum of everyday living, we have yet to sense the ruinous economic war with which Stalin hopes to weaken us before launching the final onslaught for the bolshevization of the world—a goal which neither he nor his successor will ever abandon.

Stalin knows that a shooting war now might spell the doom of his regime. Why? Because his tyrannical rule has embittered against him more than 90 percent of the Russian people. There is hardly a family in Russia which has not had a loved member tortured or liquidated by this sadistic secret police state. He remembers that in numerous (thousands, one might say) Russian towns and villages the invading German armies were welcomed with open arms, with the traditional bread and salt; that by the end of the first year of war with Hitler, millions of red army men had surrendered to the enemy because they had no use for their communist oppressors.

If this could happen in a war with a traditional enemy like the Germans, he knows that the desertions could be much greater in a war with the United States—the traditional friend of the Russian people, the country which had afforded millions of Russians a haven and a refuge, the country which had saved millions of Russians from famine and epidemics, and in the last war actually saved them from certain conquest.

Stalin is therefore turning to his foreign trade monopoly to carry on the war with the United States. In recent years we have been in a habit of locking the international stable after the horse was stolen. We have paid very dearly for lack of vision and foresight. If we fail now to see the true nature of the war the totalitarian countries are determined to wage against us, there will be no stable left to lock. Having had close contact with Russia's foreign trade monopoly since 1920, I have known since 1925 that once backward Russia became industrialized the benefits would not go to the domestic consumers to help raise their very low standard of living.

In 1946 and 1947, for instance, the Soviet government exported hundreds of thou-

sands of tons of grain to European countries while millions of Russians starved because of crop failures. It was done in order to bolster its prestige and to keep its stranglehold upon large bodies of subversives abroad. With millions of men and women in slave labor camps exploited in mines and industries on a twelve to sixteen-hour schedule without pay, housed in filthy and unheated barracks, dressed in rags and without medical care, with the entire Soviet working population chained to their jobs and exploited mercilessly, Stalin or his heir can make their people go without the most elementary necessities and dump their industrial or agricultural products abroad to the injury of the United States or the other nations not under the Kremlin domination.

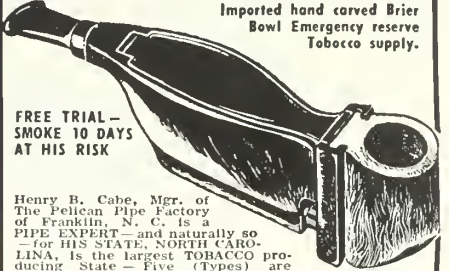
In this thirty-third year of the Soviet regime the income of the Soviet worker and all other segments of the producing population is unbelievably low. While a pound of bread is about 41 cents, sugar \$1.50, butter about \$6, a shoddy man's suit from \$120 to \$200, a pair of shoes from \$50 to \$120, a fall coat from \$90 to \$200, a pair of ladies' shoes from \$60 to \$140, the monthly income of an engineer is about \$240, a locksmith's from \$100 to \$180, a highly-qualified worker from \$160 to \$200, a common laborer from \$60 to \$100, a charwoman \$50.

Since the government owns all the means of production and distribution, the citizen must pay the prices demanded or do without, he must accept the low wages or be mercilessly liquidated in a slave labor camp. In disregard of the Russian people's welfare, the Soviet Government, when it sues its overall international game, can dump anything abroad and at any price.

While from time to time Stalin has been heralding to the world the false statement that he sees no reason why the two systems—his and ours—could not live side by side, his all-embracing foreign trade monopoly has already embarked upon a plan to swell the ranks of our unemployed by monopolizing trade in the conquered satellite countries and by dumping. On a national scale to be sure, the effects are not as yet felt here. In individual American industries and communities, however, it is beginning to lay its deadly hand on the incomes of the

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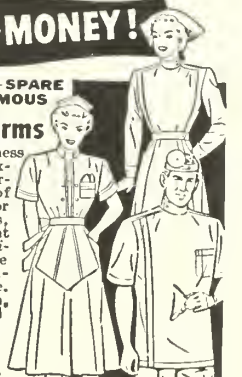
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workers and employers alike. And it is not too soon to begin looking at least five to ten years ahead. A few recent developments are worth recounting here.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: In our oldest center of the hat industry, Danbury, Connecticut, thousands of workers find their livelihood undermined by the dumping of felt hats from Czechoslovakia, one of the best industrialized puppet States of Russia. With America a heavy importer of the finer fur for hat felting from Eastern Europe, our leading source of raw materials is now at the mercy of Moscow's powerful foreign trade monopoly. Counting on the greedy nature of some individual traders in a free enterprise economy, the marshals of the totalitarian trade war know that not only could they strangle our hat industry by denying us the raw materials, but could extract further profits by fabricating the hats themselves and selling them here at prices far below our cost of production. This is now going on, and it is only the beginning.

With America as the world's largest and most efficient producer of shoes, Czechoslovakia is nevertheless underselling us right here in America. Between January 1 and April 1 of this year nearly 500,000 pairs of such shoes have been landed in New York at the ridiculous price of 87 cents per pair. They are exact copies of American-made shoes, and no manufacturer here could possibly sell them for less than \$2.40 to \$3.40 per pair and remain in business. When the Czech citizen buys them at home with a ration card he must pay the equivalent of about \$7.50 per pair. On the black market they cost around \$30. *With the country of origin concealed, and with some of our retailers conniving to pack them in domestic boxes, the American consumer is tricked into supporting slave labor products shipped by an enemy government monopoly to the injury of our economy.*

In some instances the merchandise is sent to Western European ports for re-shipment to this country. Recently Czechoslovakia has been shipping here large quantities of rubber dolls, balls and inflatable rubber toys. Large shipments of burlaps have arrived from the ports of Hamburg and Gdynia (Poland) by trans-shipment from Rotterdam, Holland. Glassware, beads, and other manufactured items, as well as permanganate of potash, malt for the beer industry, mineral waters, etc. have also commenced to move into our ports.

POLAND: Despite the fact that most of the Polish population is undernourished and impoverished, while hard-working Americans of Polish origin are sharing their food with relatives in Poland by sending them food parcels and paying high duties to the Polish government in addition, the Polish communist government is shipping large quantities of canned hams and shoulders, as well as many other foodstuffs to the United States and other countries. About the middle of April, for example, the steamer *Mormacelm* arrived in New York with a large consignment of Polish hams; the *SS Paraguay* landed considerable shipments of candies and other general cargo. Substantial consignments of Polish hams

have also arrived recently from British ports.

CHINA: For generations America has been China's main customer for hog bristles. In 1948, for example, U. S. imports from China averaged about \$1,842,000 per month. They fell to an average of \$1,126,430 during January-April, 1949, and in January, 1950 they were 38 percent below the corresponding period of 1949, according to U. S. Department of Commerce figures. From the same authority we learn that the importation of Chinese bristles from the Soviet Union rose from a monthly average of \$17,465 in 1948 to an average of \$60,000 in the last four months of 1949. And during the first six weeks of 1950, bristles imported from the U.S.S.R. were valued at \$865,000—a monthly average of over half a million dollars. This represents a rise of 2900 percent over the 1948 monthly average above quoted.

With China producing 75 percent of the world's supply of hog bristles, and America its principal customer, it is quite apparent why the Soviet government would want to monopolize this vital raw material. It also portends what is ahead of us in our trade dealings with the formerly free countries now slipped behind the Iron Curtain. One by one all other vital raw materials we have been importing from China will be forced to move through the rigid Soviet monopoly.

Take still another highly-strategic metal—tungsten. The domestic production is totally inadequate for our steel industry requirements. Of the 17 countries supplying us with tungsten ores and concentrates, about 50 percent of the total imports have been coming from China and 18 percent from Korea—a total of 68 percent from the Far East, now sunk in the Soviet cesspool. It will not be long before this too will come under the domination of the Soviet world-wide foreign trade monopoly.

Accustomed, as the Russian government is, to selling the most inferior quality merchandise to their captive clientele, and living up to the principle of no cheating, no selling, the Soviet government and its satellites will stop at nothing to fleece our consumers by misrepresentation, concealment of facts and falsification of trade marks and patent rights.

For the time being the Soviet super-duper foreign trade monopoly is compelled to allow a certain amount of independence to the recently conquered countries. Busy as they are now with fortifying the secret police network in the satellite nations and China, modeled after the Soviet brand, preoccupied with the rehabilitation of their war devastated areas, they must postpone for the time being the complete integration of all the foreign trade of the communist world. When the day of complete integration arrives—and it is as inevitable as the rising and the setting of the sun—we will be confronted by one colossal monopoly wherever we are selling in foreign markets. How do I know that this is inevitable? Of course I am not in Stalin's confidence. But there is documentary evidence, recently come to light, to prove the case:

On May 9, 1941, the Executive Committee of the Communist International

(the old Comintern now renamed the Cominform) worked out a blueprint for the future conquest of the Balkan countries, for example. Section (e) of the first paragraph stipulates:

"Once power has been seized by the Party, foreign policy will be laid down by the diplomatic representatives of the U.S.S.R., who will receive the necessary directives from the Comintern..."

Then Paragraph 2 makes this significant statement:

"The country where the Central Committee has recently assumed power should not apply for inclusion in the Soviet Union until the necessary instructions to this effect have been received from the Executive Committee of the Comintern..."

And who dominates the Comintern—now the Cominform? The Kremlin, of course. Since the founding of that conspiratorial body in Moscow, only two men have thus far dared to stand up against its determination to rule the actions of the communist parties in foreign countries as well as in their own country. They are: Benjamin Gitlow, the first titular head of the American Communist Party, and Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia. Their experience settles for all time the question as to whether or not the communist party in any country is an independent body or a mere branch, a stooge of Moscow.

To listen to Soviet propagandists and their parroting American red fascists, one would conclude that not they but we are the dangerous monopolists, not they but we are interested in subjugating the rest of the world. Of course the very opposite is correct.

One of the first actions of the Soviet government upon coming into power by force and violence, and with the aid of a mere handful of 240,000 followers as Lenin himself admitted, was to form the foreign trade monopoly. It was inevitable. Having monopolized the entire economic life of the nation, in fact, having monopolized

too the life of every man, woman and child from cradle to grave by making of them involuntary slaves of the state, there were no longer any free enterprises left to carry on international trade. Since that day every purchase or sale abroad, no matter how small or large, has had to move through the tiny eye of the foreign trade monopoly needle. And this has given the government a powerful weapon against us and the other nations not in the communist camp.

This weapon is not used against capitalist countries alone. The countries within the Soviet orbit are now finding out that the Soviet octopus is implacable to friends as well as enemies. Yugoslavia was the first country to make this discovery and she incurred the undying enmity of the Soviet hierarchy because she fought it. But the other satellite countries are also finding out that the true meaning of Soviet friendship is, "You give us everything you have and we give you nothing in return."

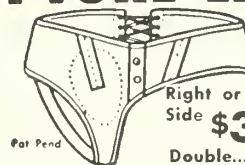
The Rumanian government, for example, is compelled to export its entire surplus oil and oil products to the Soviet Union. The Soviet government fixed its own price, based on world prices, for these petroleum products, which is considerably below the cost of production in Rumania. On the other hand, it compels the other satellites—Bulgaria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia—to import petroleum products from the Soviet Union only, and charges them Soviet prices, which are much higher than world prices. Since these countries do not possess sufficient dollar exchange to pay for the petroleum products, the Soviet government compels them to ship machinery, locomotives, textiles, coal, coke and ores. Retaining the best of these imports for herself, in accordance with the Soviet principle "If you don't cheat, you don't sell," it resells to Bulgaria, for example, agricultural machinery imported from Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Polish coke and ores and Bulgarian coal are re-exported to Czechoslovakia.



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slovakia, and to Hungary and Rumania. Through this double dealing the Soviet manipulators are now able to dump Czech textiles in India, Bulgarian tobacco in Italy, Hungarian and Rumanian foodstuffs to Western Germany and, as we have seen before, Chinese hog bristles in the United States. All this is affecting the pockets of our consumers and our industries.

A hundred years ago a frustrated and anti-social Prussian — Karl Marx — had taught, the embittered Lenin of Russia had imbibed and confirmed those teachings, and a man with the morals of a head-hunter — Stalin, the Georgian — has

tional trade, both exports and imports, the Soviet intriguers are taking to that channel as a means of doing injury to our economy. Throughout their existence the Russian peoples have been accustomed to getting along on next to nothing, on a close-to-animal existence. On the other hand, their leaders know that if Americans suffer a drop from their high standard of living, discontent among our people will be widespread. Although the Soviets have been in need of consumer goods worth tens of billions of dollars since 1917, they bought none here or anywhere else. Averaging a meager \$46,000,000 a year

people almost as much as we sold Russia's 180 million in the course of a year. This business was profitable to both Czechoslovakia and to the U. S. The same was true of our trade relations with Poland — until the hand of the Kremlin stopped all that "nonsense."

It is therefore clear that once the foreign trade war gathers momentum, hundreds of thousands of our workers and employes will feel the pinch; so will the U. S. Treasury in reduced income tax receipts; so will the stockholders of corporations with or without overseas trade.

This outlook will not change as long as there is a Soviet government in Russia. Under the circumstances the reader is bound to ask the inevitable question: Can anything be done to remedy the situation? What should it be?

1. *Sever trade relations with Russia and all the Kremlin-ruled countries.* This step appears to be inevitable and it would be to our advantage to take it now. As Soviet military and industrial power grows, as consolidation of human and material resources in Eastern Europe and China is accomplished, their arrogance, insolence and hatred of us will express itself in even more serious forms than the shooting down of an unarmed American plane over the Baltic sea. If need be, they will press down still farther the standard of living of their own people and dump their increased output on world markets to eliminate us as a competitor.

Our severing trade relations would bring cheer to the enslaved millions and consternation to their tyrants. Many a time brave Russian functionaries have said to me:

"Mr. Marcus, why do you Americans come here to deal with our government? You are enhancing the Kremlin's prestige, you are tightening the noose around our necks."

2. We must make it perfectly clear to Moscow that if diplomatic relations are to be continued, it will have to be on a strict reciprocity basis. Up to now Stalin's interpretation of reciprocity has prevailed and it has amounted to his saying to us: "You Americans must do in our country as we tell you to, and we will act in your country as we damned well please." And he has got away with it! Washington has done considerable injury to our interests by permitting this to go on with impunity.

The Soviet Embassy in Washington must not be allowed to have a single member on its staff more than we have in Moscow. From the Ambassador down their personnel must be restricted in their movement about the country as ours are in Russia. Under no circumstances should they be permitted to address public meetings, issue interviews or write for publication. Their official publications here should be subjected to the same searching censorship as ours are in Moscow; their circulation must be restricted to the number of our magazine copies allowed in Russia.

3. Attacks against our government and people by the Soviet press and radio must be construed as an attack by the Soviet government, since all means of communication are owned and operated by that government. We must demand and receive



"There's a newly starched shirt for you on the bed."

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been parroting ever since in his semi-literate Russian that since a capitalist country cannot consume all it produces because of the low income of its masses, it must export or die. Well, then, he would meet us with ruinous competition in overseas markets, help swell the ranks of our unemployed, recruit them into the red fascist movement and hasten the collapse of our free institutions.

One might forgive Marx for his now exposed silly writings about the development of capitalism. He could not have foreseen the miracle of America's mass production system with the lowest unskilled worker enjoying a much higher standard of living than even the highest engineer in Russia. But the refusal of his disciples to recognize the superiority of a free enterprise economy to their totalitarian form can only be ascribed to the deranged mentalities of the leaders and the blindness of their followers. A rude awakening, of course, is awaiting them. But until it comes, we must accept the challenge of relentless trade war here and everywhere. Defensive measures alone will not suffice. We must take the offensive in concert with like-thinking nations if possible — alone if we must.

As our continued prosperity becomes more and more dependent on interna-

during the twenty years prior to the last war, those purchases were primarily (87 percent, for example, in 1938) of our most modern machines and equipment. Sample units were bought so their designs could be pirated for domestic consumption and exported to other countries in order to impress those peoples with "Soviet industrial achievements." Such business was obviously disadvantageous to us and most profitable to the Soviet Union. Under the hammer blows of this intensified trade war, our government followed the advice of well-informed people and since 1948 has cut down the flow of strategic machinery and equipment to the Soviet Union and its satellites. Many loopholes, however, are still to be plugged.

The disappearance of much of the world behind the Iron Curtain has already cut us off from markets laboriously developed by our people. Of course the Soviet Union would like nothing better than to use those countries as a means to obtaining here the needed machinery and equipment. But that is all the Soviets will allow these nations to buy from us. As long as they are under the yoke of the Kremlin the satellites won't take any of our consumer goods. Formerly, before Czechoslovakia came under the control of the Soviets, we used to sell her 13 million

equal space or time in the Soviet press and on the radio to answer their slanders and lies against us.

4. If our just demands are rejected, diplomatic relations should be broken off altogether. It is serving no good purpose to us and merely affording them a means of vilifying us to our face and before the whole world.

5. Stop all relief shipments to Russia and the satellites; prohibit the remittance of all funds from this country to individuals and organizations in the Soviet Union or the satellite nations. It all goes to help strengthen the enemy; it impoverishes our people directly and indirectly by reducing their purchasing power.

Adding insult to injury, we have permitted those gangster governments to set up right here on our soil customs stations to fleece our people by imposing duties on food, clothing and medicine parcels sent by our kind-hearted people to the needy in the Iron-Curtain countries. It is indeed monstrous that our officials proved to be so stupid or pliable as to overlook such flagrant violation of our rights.

The more we help worsen conditions in those countries by increasing discontent among their masses, the sooner will the tyranny be ended. The guns and bombers are still in the hands of the people—the sons of peasants and workers, the first victims of the red nightmare.

It is futile to leave the conduct of this perpetual war with the implacable enemy to bureaucrats alone. It is perfectly clear that our best and ablest men are still outside and not inside the Government. Some of the immediate steps should be:

1. Declare a national emergency until our goal of bringing an end to Soviet imperialism is achieved.

2. Forge a united nation. There must be no room in America for hate-mongers—whether the field be race, color or religion. Whoever engages in such hate-mongering is as valuable a servant of red fascism as though he were a card-carrying communist.

3. Labor and management must pull together, making a conscientious effort to maintain peace and uninterrupted production. The belated drive against communist infiltration into labor unions must be intensified and continued until the last subversive has been purged.

4. Rally the nation behind the All-American Committee formed at the All-American Conference last January, sponsored by The American Legion to launch a vigorous campaign against the Soviet counter-revolution. The communists are giving the whole of their lives to fomenting unrest and the destruction of liberty. Is it asking too much that the patriotic people of the country give the whole of their lives to preserve and perpetuate our freedoms?

5. Under the driving and coordinating power of a citizens' general staff of the All-American Committee, clubs, societies, labor union locals, trade associations, educational, religious and fraternal organizations, etc., should dispense with all non-urgent activities and devote themselves to the emergency campaign by contributing funds, ideas, services to the relentless prosecution of the war of liberation.

6. Our millions of naturalized citizens must take their places in the front ranks of this movement. In America they found the liberty and opportunities denied them in their native lands. Those whose ancestors did not help build the free institutions under which they now live should deem it their sacred duty to help strengthen and preserve those institutions.

As one of America's naturalized citizens I may be permitted to add that we have much to atone for. The communist movement here is the creation of former immigrants; they still provide most of the leadership and the rank and file membership. Of the 4980 militant subversives no less than 91.4 are of foreign origin or married to former immigrants, according to the U. S. Attorney General's testimony before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee.



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America does not deserve such thanklessness on the part of people who have benefited from the free institutions of this country. This disgraceful stain must be washed away with indefatigable labor and sacrifice in the cause of freedom on the part of us naturalized citizens.

7. The hundreds of thousands of DPs from Eastern Europe and Russia are willing fighters in this cause. If we give them the wherewithal they can inflict some mortal blows to the tyranny across the Iron Curtain. The partisans who are still fighting in the forests of the Ukraine and Byelorussia must be helped to continue with renewed effort. A dozen or more weekly publications must be made available to them to reach the masses of the afflicted countries. A dozen or more powerful radios would be the cheapest investment to help preserve freedom. The hundreds of thousands of Soviet occupation troops in Europe must be reached and influenced to carry the torch of liberty into the enemy camps.

If this were done we would soon see an increase in sabotage against the tyrannical governments. Disorder and confusion would follow; as reprisals by the governments multiplied, so would the number of embittered and desperate people in the red domain. The late war helped rip the Iron Curtain. Millions of Russians have seen life outside their borders. They know that for decades their government lied to them about conditions abroad. They have seen with their own eyes that even the humblest worker lives better than the privileged Russians, that the Soviet oppressive atmosphere is totally unknown outside their borders. Before the Soviet government manages to liquidate the remnants of the millions of former slave laborers in Europe and the war prisoners, the tide will turn against it.

The virility, imagination and self-sacrifice which has made this nation great must now be applied to solving our problem number ONE in Russia by renewing

hope and bolstering the spirit of revolt among hundreds of millions of people. In the absence of such a movement they feel abandoned to their fate.

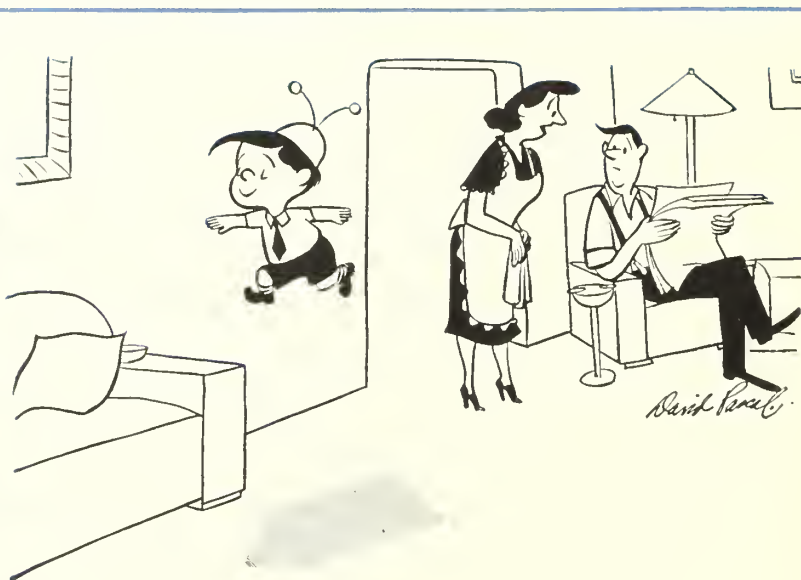
8. Stalin's most cherished dream is to place the German people with their industrial and organizing genius under his heel to help his designs for world domination. Americans with German family ties, therefore, must bestir themselves to help save our freedom and their kinfolk overseas before it is too late.

What we fail to do during the next three to five years may well decide the fate not only of these United States but of civilization. Stalin is already gaining converts in Germany for another Rapallo agreement among the same selfish former diplomats, militarists and narrow-minded industrialists who not so long ago helped bring Hitler to power and with him the consequent German downfall. If they succeed this time in cementing a union between the Kremlin and Germany, it might well mean the end of all civilization.

Surely there must be within this nation at least 54,000 red-blooded Americans ready and willing to match the 54,000 card-carrying Stalinists in the U.S.A., to fight them here and all over the world, to bring an end to the Soviet counter-revolution and thereby forestall the inevitable third world war. The red plague must be destroyed at its source.

The hour of decision is here. Our sacrifices are already great and promise to become even greater. Yet that need not be the case if we only use better judgment in employing the billions we are now spending and the effort we are now putting forth. Mediocrities in government and civilian leadership must give way to the ablest and most imaginative. These new leaders must come forward, they must give up their present unproductive pastimes to devote themselves to the saving of their country's free institutions and world civilization. If we do not default, **VICTORY WILL BE OURS.**

THE END



"I don't know... some darn thing he got for two box tops and a dime."

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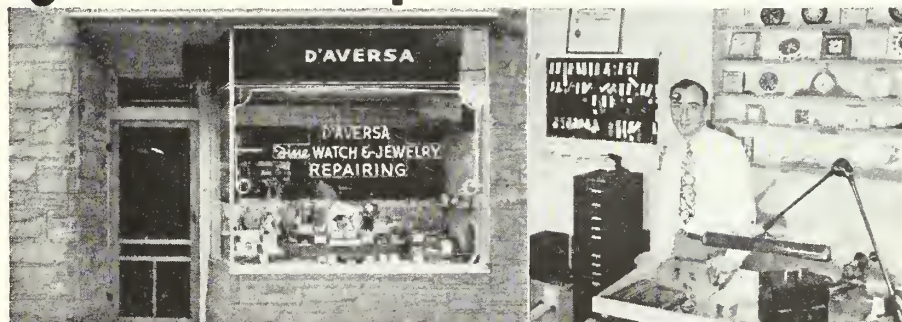
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A FITTING REMINDER

*That it fits like a glove,
I shall freely confess;
But odd's bodkins, love,
This is a dress!*

— LEONARD K. SCHIFF

SICK CALL

After a week in the hospital for examination and observation, an aged woman cornered a neighbor one day and told him the results of her experience. Her heart was the worst the doctors had ever examined; her kidneys were ruined; her liver shot; her stomach in a terrible condition, etc., etc.

"Before I could get away from her," said the neighbor to a friend later, "I'd listened to a complete organ recital."

— AL SPONG

SORRY?

*How easy it is
To hide disappointment!
The dentist just phoned
To cancel appointment.*

— A. A. LATTIMER

CLOSE ORDER DRILL

The latest story from the new army concerns an incorrigibly mischievous young private who so continually exasperated his platoon commander that he soon found himself detailed to permanent latrine duty.

The youth was exceedingly bored with nothing to do but scrub, mop, and flush until he conceived a brilliant idea for a little entertainment. He procured several lengths of heavy cord and worked secret-ly in the latrine.

The next inspection by the battalion

commander went smoothly until the major entered the latrine.

Whereupon our hero bawled, "Latrine stools, aah-ten-shun," and pulled a cord hanging from the ceiling . . . immediately all the commode seats jerked stiffly erect.

— PAUL V. DEATON

SUMMER CAMP

*Dishes, dishes everywhere,
Untidy beds and floors —
By land and sea and from the air
Our guests arrive in hordes.
Faulty plumbing, new guests coming,
Quick, set up a cot —
The whole mosquito clan is here,
The garbage man is not.
The lake is clear, the lake is near,
With sandy beach close by it —
And on some gray September day
We might find time to try it . . .*

— HELEN GORN SUTIN

X-GI

I — How are You?
U — O.K. You?
I — N. G.
U — T. B.?
I — No, Po'd
U — See the M.D.?
I — No.
U — D.D.S.?
I — No, D.D.
U — O. Punch your TS card?
I — Yes. Advised some APC pills.

U — Good. Working now?
I — Yes.
U — Union man?
I — Sure.
U — CIO?
I — A.F. of L.
U — Ever travel?
I — Sometimes.
U — Where?
I — L.A.
U — How?
I — U.P.
U — Is that better than driving?
I — Yes. 60 to 80 MPH. What do you do?
U — MC on the radio.
I — NBC?
U — No.
I — CBS?
U — No, ABC.
I — AM or FM?
U — Both. Also TV.
I — What's your specialty?
U — Disc jockey.
I — What records?
U — 78, 45, and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ RPM.
I — Do you still drink?
U — Only in the P.M.
I — Ever have DTs?
U — Not since I was a GI.
I — Remember when we went AWOL?
U — And the MPs questioned us.
I — You said you were in G2.
U — And you were in the OSS.
I — We sneaked back past the OG into the PX.
U — We looked like a couple of DPs.
I — But the CO spotted us.
U — I though we'd never get off KP.
I — I still shudder when I see OD.
U — I hear your home life is Snafu.
I — No, just SOP.
U — When it gets rough, send me an SOS.
I — O.K. Wilco.
U — Adios

— HAROLD NOEL

NOCTURNAL NUISANCE

*Although I comprehend their function,
I hate doorstops without compunction.
When I get up without my clothes on,
They're always what I stub my toes on!*

— S. OMAR BARKER

ARRIVED IN TIME

There had been a railroad accident and the cars of the passenger train were scattered all along the right of way and their occupants lay moaning and groaning on the ground.

The first person on the scene, however, was a wandering tramp. The knight of the road leaned down over one battered but conscious passenger and inquired, "Has the claim agent been along yet?"

"No," the injured passenger responded feebly.

"Then move over, Bud," said the tramp, "and make room for me." — F. G. KERNAN

IT'S THE TRUTH

If you think it's hard living within your income, try living without it.

— RICHARD ARMOUR

HEAD START

*The kind of a mind that will gun
A car from a stop sign defeats me,
I can't see his logic at all,
Especially when the guy beats me.*

— LOYD ROSENFELD



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